THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1862.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2134. }

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE UNDERTONE.

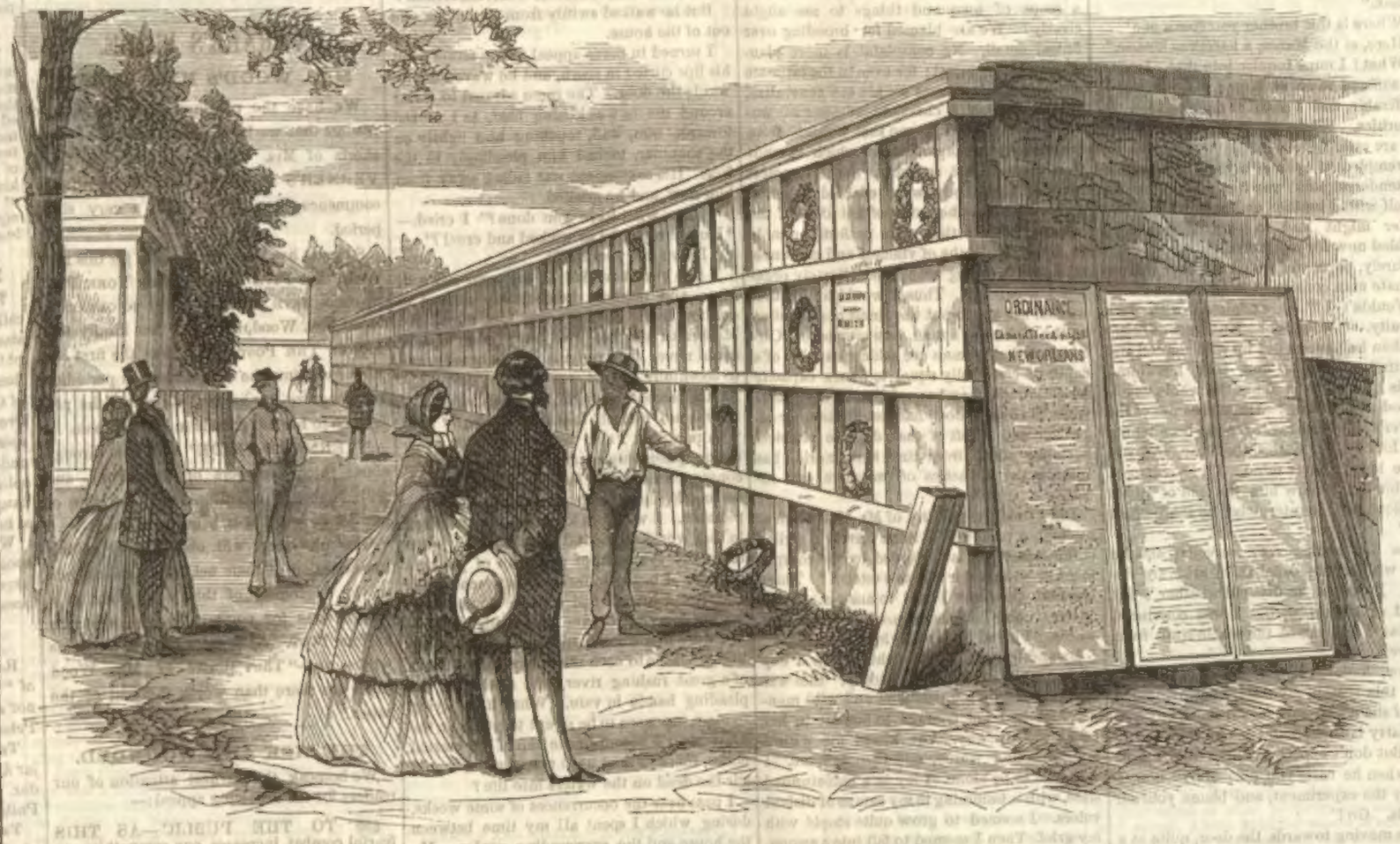
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY AUGUST BELL.

Under the pale green willow
Down by the dancing brook,
All among grass and lilies
I love to lie and look,
I love to lie and look
Up at the sun through the leaves,
And wonder if it cares at all
How the willow droops and grieves!

Down by the stately harbor
The rocks rise gray and tall,
And there I watch the billows
Forever rise and fall,—
Forever rise and fall,
And I wonder if they care
Because they cannot leap to Heaven
Where clouds float white and fair!

Under the dark still hemlocks
Down in the forest deep,
Alone in its cool shadows
I dream, yet do not sleep;
Dreaming, yet not asleep,
I hear the wildwood birds;
Somehow a sadder, sweeter song
Was never put in words!

The restless billows heave
Upon the restless river,
The sun rides through the heavens,
And the brook flows on forever,—
The brook flows on forever,
And the ending is not yet,—
I wonder if earth is longing
For something it cannot get!



THE CITY CEMETERY OF NEW ORLEANS.

Among the most remarkable objects in New Orleans are the cemeteries, a view of one of which is annexed. Each of these silent cities is inclosed with a brick wall of arched cavities, very much resembling ovens, which indeed is the unpleasantly suggestive name they are known by here. These are made just large enough to admit a coffin, and raised, tier upon tier, to the height of about 12 feet. The whole enclosure is divided into plots, with gravel paths, intersecting each other at right angels, and is densely covered with tombs, built wholly above ground, and from one to three storys high. This method of sepulture is adopted from necessity, as burial under ground is never attempted except in the Potter's Field, where the stranger without friends and the poor without money find an uncertain rest; the soil being so marshy that the coffin is often lifted out by the water, while its contents are left to moulder beneath the open sky. New Orleans is a strange city, the manners and customs being often more French and Spanish than American.—"*Frank Leslie's Paper.*"

A HEART STRUGGLE.

PART THE SECOND.

"My father shall know all," I said to myself, when the first agony of grief was over.

But when we met at the breakfast-table next morning, courage failed me. I knew my father's violent disposition far too well to venture further in the course which I had marked out for myself. A storm in a tea-cup, thanks to my mother's docility and my father's temper, was a storm indeed. The quiet submission of the lady of the household only served to aggravate the violence of its lord, when his hot blood was aroused. No, the secret that stirred in my heart like a snake must be hidden yet a while. I would take time to think and act.

Disguise it as I might from my own heart, I loved the minister, and I loved him none the less because I pitied his unfortunate brother; I was in a painful dilemma. Apart from the circumstance which made a connexion with Mr. Macbraith unfilial, I could not help feeling that I was staking my happiness on a dangerous hazard. A gloomy, morbid cloud, unfavorable to the growth of domestic happiness, and fatal to a woman's peace, hung about the lives of the two men with whom I had become so suddenly and strangely associated. I feared the minister in his dark moods more than I feared his brother in his wild moods. He was high-principled, but headstrong and passionate; and I fancied that he loved me more than he dared or cared to confess.

With my father, so far as his position in relation to Mr. Macbraith was concerned, I had little sympathy. I never for a moment doubted the truth of the dark story I had heard that night in the Manse.

I did not venture out of doors for some days, for I felt quite worn out with anxiety. My brain was overwrought, my heart ached. The gloomy fretful cloud on the face of my mother, who dared not expose my position, provoked and tortured me; when our eyes met, there was cunning in mine and spleenful reproach in hers.

The first day I ventured out of doors, I wandered involuntarily over the marshes to Rab Gibson's Dyke. It was a gloomy morning; the sky was dark and cloudy and threatened rain. The marshy ground was covered by a thin, yellow mist, in the midst of which one stray sickly sunbeam went and came fitfully. Close by the Dyke, I came suddenly upon the minister. He was pacing up and down, with a book in his hand; but I could see that his thoughts did not follow the printed page. When he glanced up and saw me, the blood on his stern face flushed from red-heat to white-heat. I recoiled, half-frightened, with a beating heart. He closed his book quietly, and came towards me.

"I have been waiting for you," he exclaimed quietly.

"Waiting for me, sir," I murmured, with an appealing look.

"Yes, madam. I knew you must venture out sooner or later, and I was sure that instinct would lead you to this spot. I have consequently made this place my study for the last few mornings."

I stood still, very pale, with my eyes bent upon the ground, and returned no answer.

"I desire, madam, to apologize for my brother's violence, and for my own words spoken in the heat of passion."

He spoke bitterly, not humbly, and there was a sneer on his face as he spoke. I felt roused.

"Your brother," I said, "is dangerous, and ought not to be suffered to go at large."

He frowned grimly. He looked very strange in his large eccentric cloak and Guy-Fawkes hat; he seemed like some ghost of a time and a society long before departed.

"Miss Jessie Hayman, my brother is dearer to me than life itself, and I have sworn to do my duty by him. Whilst I am able to protect him, he shall never enter an asylum. Shall I add, that you should be the last woman in the world to make such a proposal."

"Spare your taunts, Mr. Macbraith. If the account you gave me be true—"

"*If* it be true!" he cried fiercely. "Do you doubt it? Look into your father's face, as you tell him what I have told you, and then doubt it. Enough of this. You have been put to unnecessary pain; but we also have suffered. Good-morning. I have said all I came to say, and will now leave you."

He turned on his heel and moved away. My blood rushed up hotly to my face and ears, my head swam. I felt wild and reckless in my passion. I would sacrifice all for this dark, moody man, who towered so far above me by virtue of his stern strength.

"Mr. Macbraith!" I cried unaware.

He turned with a softer look, half pity, half surprise.

"Have you a heart? Have you any pity? Can you perceive the bitterness of my position?"

"I have pity, Miss Jessie; and I pity you. God forgive me!"

The man was a mystery to me. His outer mood changed from storm to calm, as if obeying the motions of an uncontrollable soul. As he spoke, his dark face looked inexpressibly beautiful in its softening charity. Could he, then, be wicked and desperate? The soft look conquered me, and I burst into tears. He did not move.

"We live in a hard world, young lady," he said, gently; "and blessed are those that are able to weep. There is no sorrow without sin; and sin scorches the sweet tears out of us. Farewell!"

"Stop!" I cried, hysterically.

He turned with a strange look of wonder, and made a sudden step towards me.

"Oh, have pity! have pity!" I cried. "I love you!"

Joy, like a sunbeam, fell luminously on his face, as he caught me in his arms with a cry.

"I thought so; I hoped so," he exclaimed, clasping me in his strong arms. "It is enough. God forgive me if I sin, dear girl; but I have not courage to give you up. I am a coward, I say; but for your sake, Jessie, I will sacrifice all."

I shuddered, in spite of myself, at the confession I had made in my excitement. I was blind with tears as I struggled to escape from his embrace.

"Let me go," I cried; "if you love me, let me go. I was mad."

"Jessie!"

In an instant he released me. Drawing back a few feet, he stood looking at me calmly and quietly. But I did not move from the spot. Sadly and nervously I returned his gaze. He approached with bent head, and took my hand.

"Do you, then, wish to recall the words spoken to me a few moments ago?"

I made no reply.

"I insist upon an answer," he cried. "Were you trifling with me?"

"I was not," I answered firmly, compressing my teeth and lips to keep my courage up.

"Thanks, thanks! I am to believe that you love me, Jessie?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps I err in thanking Heaven that it is so. I do err, if the love I bear you be a sinful one; but let us pray that it is not so. What if Fate were to accomplish her ends by your means, and to accomplish them gently?"

I bowed my head and said nothing. His eyes were fixed on mine with a strange fascinating gaze.

"And you will marry me, Jessie? You will be mine, dear girl, will you not?"

I trembled in spite of myself; for I saw my father's wrathful face and heard my mother's chiding voice. Whither did my duty urge me? and would either path lead to peace and happiness?

"You hesitate," he exclaimed, watching me keenly. "I perceive your doubts, and they are important ones. Yet, be assured, your marriage with me may or may not cause unpleasantness at first; but it will eventually produce much good. Remember, Jessie, that by marrying me you may atone for great and fearful crime!"

"Do not name it!" I cried, with a shudder.

"I will not. You will marry me sooner or later, Jessie?"

"Sooner or later, yes."

He caught me in his arms, and, pressing me closely to his bosom, kissed me tenderly. The morning grew darker and darker around us as he took my arm, and we walked slowly side by side by the path over the marshes. There was a storm brewing; but we thought only of the storm within, and heeded not. Side by side we walked under the clouds and through the mists. His face was turned to mine, and it wore a glow that might have been triumph, and might have been affection; but in the eyes a deep indescribable tenderness, or such it seemed to be, lingered, lingered like the soft halo round a star when it is fading. Both were silent. Our thoughts were too terribly beautiful for utterance. My pulses throbbed thickly with pain and fear that were almost happiness. I could have died for the love of that man, if need be, then and there. The growing clouds, the floating mists, the silver glamour around the far-distant mountains, the solitude of the marshes, were portions of a strange dream, in which I seemed to lose all consciousness of individual being. Never before had I experienced such profound emotion. Yet never, I believe, was my emotion less apparent. We went into no visible raptures; we made no ostentatious display of our love for one another. Our souls mingled in the dreadful silence of their hope. This silence was at last broken by the minister.

"Jessie," he said with a sad smile, drawing me close to him, and looking bravely into my eyes—"Jessie, does it occur to you that ours is a very strange wooing?"

I looked into his face inquiringly.

"For myself," he continued, "I am unaccustomed to strong demonstrations; but I am seventeen years older than you, dear girl, and that fact may account for my seeming apathy. To you, however, who are young and ignorant of the world, I must seem sadly cold and dull. Tell me, Jessie, are you not a little romantic?"

"Not at all," was the reply. But he looked incredulous.

"That you are not a novel reader I am already aware; and I am also aware that you are free from those foolish heroic notions which so often mislead young women. Perhaps you interpreted my question too narrowly. Your romance, if you have any, only assumes a sacrificial form. Perhaps you have exaggerated notions as to the self-sacrifice and resignation necessary to your sex?"

"I think not, Richard."

He started, coloring slightly. It was the first time that I had ventured to call him by his Christian name. He immediately recovered himself, and gave a light laugh.

"Don't think me rude," he observed. "It is the first time since I was a boy that a woman has called me by my Christian name, and the word sounded odd in my ear. You are right, Jessie; you only exert your privilege."

"Does the freedom offend you?" I asked, with timid coldness.

"No!" he exclaimed, with a burst of joy.

The gleam passed from his face, and he fell into a reverie, from which I, myself full of matter for reflection, did not venture to disturb him. But the clouds increased and darkened, and I at last said, "Let us turn now, or they will miss me at home."

He turned without a word.

"We shall have a storm soon," he observed, calmly looking up, after a pause.

As he spoke, there was a far-distant sound of harsh voices above us, and the air seemed to vibrate with the echo. We hurried on. There was a bright broad flash, which almost blinded us; and a minute afterwards the thunder groaned terribly, like one of the fallen Titans in pain. He stopped me suddenly.

"Storm, storm!" he said, in a deep low voice. "That has been my life ever since I can remember; but yonder clouds throw secure darkness over my love for you, and harmonize with the beatings of my heart. Or are they, as I fear, a threat—a warning? Do I sin in loving one who, by virtue of her birth, is part of my brother's wrong? Do I forfeit my duty to my brother by loving you? Jessie, Jessie, answer—is it so?"

"Richard!" I exclaimed, imploringly.

He pressed his lips close to mine, and kissed me passionately.

"I love you, I love you," he murmured without his usual sternness.

"If you indeed love me, Richard—if you love me as you say—why this dreadful struggle? Is it not written that love is all-sufficient, that it heals all wounds, that it is all in all to each—holy, holy? Oh, Richard dear, if you love me, think that this love is a sacred trust that Heaven has given you; doubt it not, doubt it not, and all will be well. True, true love is always right; it cannot err, it cannot stain or injure any one of God's creatures."

As I finished the sentence a flash of lightning lit up our faces, and both, I felt, were full of truthful love. I was violently agitated. Had I spoken like a selfish woman, or like a heroine? Enough that he was satisfied; for brightness lingered on his face, even when the lightning-flash had died away.

"You are wiser and better than I. Blessings upon your true heart, my darling! Pity me, comfort me. I am a minister of the Gospel; but there is a darkness on me. Be my teacher."

"Richard!"

Again that trembling appealing cry, which sprang out of the yearning of my heart.

"I am only a poor weak girl; but, oh, I love you dearly; and, for better for worse, I will be your true and constant wife."

The joy of that moment! We forgot the lightning and the thunder, the fierce paraphernalia of the soul, and stood gazing at each other in our great and strange love—a love that was never, never to die, even when "death did us part."

"Jessie," he cried, "it would be glorious to die now!"

The lightning sprang out from heaven like a fiery sword, rebuking him. We now hurried on.

"To die," I said, "is less noble than to live. If we have loads to bear, Richard, love will give us strength to endure; but let us not yield till we are crushed by a load that it is beyond our power to carry further."

We are now in the immediate neighborhood of our house; I tremble, not at the storm.

"Are you afraid, dear girl," said the minister, tenderly. "Nay, be assured by your own sweet philosophy. Love defies all elements, and is its own talisman against all earthly ills."

But the clouds now broke, and the rain fell down in torrents, drenching us to the skin in a moment, and putting an abrupt conclusion to the passionate poetical speech. With the gallantry of a younger man, and, in spite of my remonstrances, he took off his great cloak and flung it over my shoulders. I begged him to proceed with me no further; but he was excited, and paid no attention to my remonstrances. We hurried along, side by side, and at last we halted before my father's gate.

We were concealed from the eyes of any inmates of the house by the thick trees in the garden. He hurriedly pressed his lips to mine, and murmured in my ear, "If possible, be at the Manse this evening. Nay, you can trust me, and I have much to say to you."

With a passionate farewell, he left me. Quite bewildered, I ran immediately into the house.

Soaked to the skin, I was hurrying upstairs, when I met my father, who had only just arisen. I hardly noticed him in my agitation, and I was passing him with a quiet morning greeting, when he touched me on the shoulder, and commanded me to stop. I stopped, lifting my eyes timidly to his face. To my surprise, he frowned, turned alternately red and pale, and seemed violently agitated. I trembled for the first time, fearful lest he had discovered my secret.

"Where have you been, child?" he asked impatiently, with a glance of great suspicion.

I told the truth, not the whole truth.

"I was out for a walk, papa, and was caught in the rain."

He was not satisfied.

"Change your clothes," he said with quiet rage, "and come to me immediately in the study."

"Yes, papa."

Once in my bed-room, I forgot my bodily plight, and threw myself down upon the bed. Surely, surely, never was there girl more unlucky than I. The course of my true love ran rough as a torrent in a Highland glen; now it wavered to the right, now to the left; but all the time it was unconsciously precipitating itself into irretrievable action. Had my reason convinced me that my love was wrong and unholy, I might have immolated this first affection on the cold altar of my home; but I was far from convinced either that I loved sinfully, or that the man I loved was in error. I had a girlish notion that for him one loves it is our duty to sacrifice even home and its claims; and I held true feminine love to be an even more holy sentiment than filial duty. That my own passion was pure in its essence I felt convinced; I loved with an un-

divided heart, and had no obvious selfish motive to gratify by being undutiful. What course, then, was it my privilege, my necessity, to adopt? To face my father's wrath with a pure conscience, and to act in direct opposition to my father's will; or to yield implicit obedience to the latter of the household law, and so to sacrifice all my hopes of mortal love. The struggle was a hard one, a bitter, bitter "heart-struggle." Then I recollected the arguments of the minister. Were they admissible, or were they simply the sophisms of a clever mind? Was it possible that, by throwing off parental control, and consenting to the proposed marriage, I might heal the breach made by sin long before, or avert calamity from the head of my father, or save my lover from the horrors of a life unbecoming the duties of a Christian minister? "Proposed marriage!" why, had I not sworn to be the wife of Mr. Macbraith, and had I not encouraged him to believe that he had won my heart? and would it not be incalculably sinful to break the vow I had made, and to deprive him, not only of my love, but of his confidence in my womanly integrity? Heaven, I reflected, would punish me sorely if I showed myself insincere, if I seemed unfaithful. For a plain girl to assume the privilege of a coquette was beyond measure contemptible; and I should despise myself if I laid myself open to the imputation of trifling with the gentleman's feelings. As I have said, I did not doubt for a moment the truth of the story I had heard in the Manse; for I knew my father's temper, and had once or twice heard unpleasant rumors concerning his past life.

While I lay, with my head upon a pillow, bathed in tears, the lightning was dying with sudden gleams, and the thunder was growing more distant every moment. The fitful sobbing of the rain on the window-pane rang in my ears, and the room swam round and round me like a chamber of whirling darkness. By-and-by I felt stronger and better; and by this time I had determined that my next conversation with my father should decide my fate once for all. I arose to my feet. I was now satisfied that my fate hung in the balance, and I could wait for the result with patience.

Almost unconsciously I walked to the looking-glass. I was wondering what Mr. Macbraith could see in such an insignificant face and person as mine. I started back aghast. It was not the pale, plain face, with the hard lines about the mouth; the slight figure, undeveloped in its frail girlhood; the timid, awkward attitude of the limbs, or the fixed, imploring look of the eye,—it was none of these things, all of which were sufficiently familiar, which appalled me. Over my wet and dripping shoulders, down to my soaked feet, I still wore the cloak of the minister. In my haste, in my blindness of love, I had forgotten to return the cloak to its owner; and there it lay, when I flung it off, as a witness to my disobedience. I now fully appreciated the meaning of my father's strange manner. He had perceived the cloak, and had identified it as that worn by the minister, with whose person he was familiar.

Perhaps it was as well that my love no longer assumed the character of an odious secret, and that I should be kept no longer in suspense. The necessity for immediate courage recalled me to myself. I made the necessary changes in my attire, and prepared to go down below. When I was ready, I looked into the glass again. Again the pale, plain face, but now it wore a quiet glow of resolution. With trembling heart, I descended the staircase, and knocked at the study-door.

"Come in," said my father's voice, and I entered.

Papa was seated at his desk, making a pretence to write; but he was a poor actor, and I saw through him. I waited for some minutes in great suspense, until, looking up, he made a sudden exclamation.

"Jessie Hayman," he cried, with an angry movement, "this is most cruel, most unnatural!"

"What, papa?"

"Pooh! don't attempt to misunderstand me. I'm speaking of your conduct. You are directly opposing my wishes; you have dared to act in opposition to my express desire; you are holding communication with a scoundrel and a blackguard."

"Papa!"

"I'm speaking of that villain Macbraith, who ought to be hung; yes, hung, and who hates me, and is my worst enemy. I've suspected you for some time; now I am convinced of your wickedness. That cloak!"

Mean-spirited for the moment, I tried to describe the affair as an accidental meeting, and a simple courtesy.

"Do you take me for an idiot?" exclaimed papa, rising. "Now, be candid, and it will be the better for you. You know this man?"

"I do."

"Has he been paying you attentions?"

"Yes, papa."

"You—hum—love him?"

"I do."

"And you dare, with that confession on your lips, to sit at my table, and call yourself my daughter! Henceforth undeceive yourself. You're no daughter of mine, and my house is not for the friends of my enemies. I renounce you. I'll have nothing more to do with you; go to your lover;—sponge no longer on me and mine. You hear me?"

"Yes."

I spoke quite calmly, although a storm raged within. Papa paused, flashing fire, and seemed astounded at my coolness and audacity. They seemed to take his breath away with surprise. He grew darker and uneasier.

"You—ha—don't mean to say that you've any real liking for this fellow?"

I moved to him and took his hand.

"Hear me, papa. Do not judge me harshly, for you know my affection for you. I love Mr. Macbraith; I have struggled hard against the feeling, but I love him dearly, better even than my own happiness. Do not turn away, but have pity. I do not, cannot believe that he is a bad man; I prefer thinking that you are mistaken in him, and that my love may in time reconcile you to one another. I know all. I believe that I may blot out a portion of the past by disobeying you in this matter."

He turned pale and seemed frightened, but he recovered himself.

"So!" he murmured between his teeth. "He has been libelling me to my own flesh and blood; inventing lies to throw a stain on my good name, and turning my daughter's heart against me. I thought so."

"Not so. I beseech you, do not believe that it is so! Mr. Macbraith is anxious, deeply anxious, that what is done should be set right again, and that he should enable you to meet him on friendly terms. His brother—"

"Ha! what of him?" cried papa, with a scared look.

"His brother has lost that which it is in the power of no man to restore—his reason; but something may yet be done for him by careful love and tenderness. That should be *my* task."

"Where is this brother you speak of?"

"Here, at the Manse, a harmless lunatic."

"What! I must inquire into this. Insane, and suffered to go at large; the nuisance is insufferable, and I shall at once petition the authorities. While he is free, none of our lives are safe."

I trembled in spite of myself. The minister's tenderest point was that piteous love for his half-witted brother, and any attack in that quarter might lead to terrible results. I trembled now for my father.

"Surely, papa, you would not have this unfortunate man consigned to an asylum?"

"Wouldn't I?" he exclaimed, with dark malignity. "Why not? Hundreds of better men than he have to put up with the cell and the strait-waistcoat; and why not him? Who is he that he is to put the whole neighborhood in jeopardy? Oh, this comes of the minister's fine teaching. He has been telling you a lot of lying stories about me, and you believe him. Never mind. I'll be revenged upon him; I'll show him the end of all his fine plots and counterplots; he shall smart for it."

Papa had grown very nervous; and he spoke without his usual air of arbitrary decision. I cannot hardly tell whether I felt pleased or sorrowful, but I was convinced now that I had heard the whole truth from my lover.

"Now, look here, girl. If you want to marry this scamp, my deadly enemy, marry him. I shan't attempt to prevent you; you may marry both him and his brother, if you like. But don't expect any help from me or mine when he casts you off. Marry him, I say; try the experiment, and blame yourself if it fails. Go!"

I was moving towards the door, quite at a loss what to say or do, when he cried, "Stop!" Then I flung myself at his feet.

"Oh, papa, dear papa, do not judge hastily in this matter. Give us time, and all will be well. Mr. Macbraith is not the wretch you esteem him. I love him, papa. He is dear to me as life itself; and I know him to be true and noble."

I was weeping now, but my father only grew sterner on seeing my weakness. He pushed me from him.

"I will wait months, years, any number of years; only say that you will listen to us, when we attempt to reconcile right and wrong in the end. For I love him, papa, I love him so dearly."

He seemed to perceive an advantage; for his face assumed a cunning look, as he said, with assumed carelessness,

"Pooh! the nonsensical ravings of a girl. Once and for all, I don't comprehend this stuff; it's all unintelligible acting. You hear me. Either renounce this man, or—"

"Papa, I cannot."

"Very well," he cried fiercely. "I am satisfied. Listen, though, for one moment, lest you rush to too hasty a conclusion. In the first place, girl, you're not a beauty; your face would not recommend you to any man, or number of men. I say this without prejudice, although you are my daughter. Very well, then. It's obvious enough that Macbraith hasn't fallen in love with your face; and the most probable conclusion is, that he hasn't fallen in love with you at all."

I smiled unaware, a sad smile of utter doubt.

"Oh, you may smile, but don't be too sure, young lady. If you were a beauty, I might believe he cared for you, for I know his liking for pretty faces. As matters stand, however, I have given my opinion. What then? Macbraith owes me a grudge, and he is the man to gratify it. He sees you, perceives you're a fool, and hopes to gain his ends by your means. His object therefore is to break your heart, or worse, in the hopes of injuring your father; and as for marrying you, the man knows better than that. He's mistaken, though, in thinking that he can harm me in that way. You're a woman, and if you like to go to the devil with your eyes open, I sha'n't break my heart. Go; I am busy."

I rushed from the room. Outside the door I met mamma, who had evidently been eavesdropping. She was going to speak; but, pale and wild, I pushed past her, and went up to my room. I locked the door, and lay down on the bed.

Oh, those cruel words, his last words! They ate into my brain like burning fire, and buried themselves there; they cut into my heart like sharp steel, and blinded me with excess of pain. Do what I could, I could not deprive them of their terrible significance. They seemed so plausible, so horribly probable. My only vulnerable point had been assailed, and I was left without the means of resistance. Could it be true that Macbraith was indeed the villain papa had described, and that he was endeavoring to accomplish his revenge by means of my misery or my dishonor? Oh, no, no, no! He was far too noble and true for that. Yet how true it was that I was without those attractions which win the hearts of men; and how suddenly had the minister seemed to become my admirer! Then I thought of the man's dark moods, full of fierce wrath and doubt, of his great wrong, ever present before him in the flesh, and of his threats. Confident as I was of the integrity of my resolutions, I was a young girl, ignorant of the world, easily deceived; and I felt that it would be easy for a man of the world to blind and mislead me on a subject so imminently attractive as that of love. I was now profoundly miserable, and more bewildered than ever. I could not shake off the dark doubt that I was in danger. Again, if Macbraith were indeed a villain, and I were to yield to him, how trebly bitter and sinful would appear my disregard of filial duty and obedience! My father's wrath would then appear just, albeit a little headstrong. He had warned me, he had exposed the man, and had done all obstinacy can bring itself to do in order to avert the catastrophe. Oh, my bitter, bitter heart struggle!

Are we women generally sharper-sighted than the other sex? or do we take too wide a scope of men and things to see aught clearly? We are blamed for brooding over finical detail. No complaint is more plausible or more unjust; for even in the estimate of each other's dresses we always generalize. A wise thinker, a chivalric admirer of women, once argued to me that women, from that delicacy of organization which extends from their noblest sentiment to the remotest fibre of their body, were enabled to grasp and appreciate the very loftiest ideal of the male sex, while they were perfectly unable to sound the depths of vileness and meanness of which a strong man, less delicately organized, is capable. Thus it would follow that women are apt to put the finest construction on the actions of a man, however base. Certain it is that women are seldom capable of a depth of error fully equal to man's capacity for evil until they have fallen to that stage when the female body has lost all its finer organism, and is reft of that delicate physical harmony which, from time immemorial, has colored the æsthetics of manners and society.

Did I hold the nobility of Mr. Macbraith at too high a value? Was mine merely a girlish enthusiasm? Was I blinded by the compliment of so superior a man's esteem? These were the questions I had to answer. I can answer some of them now in three little words. I loved him, really loved him.

By-and-by mamma brought me up a cup of tea, which I drank carelessly. She was really scared by my pale face and wild manner, and had not courage to lament in her usual weakly way. She kissed me with a few consoling words, and then left me. I was glad to be alone. I lay in a half-stunned state, with a humming in my ears as of distant voices. I seemed to grow quite stupid with my grief. Then I seemed to fall into a swoon, and to forget everything.

That day passed. I did not go to the Manse in the evening; I was too ill to leave home, and I feared the consequences of another scene. I returned the cloak by one of the servants. At breakfast the next morning papa's manner towards me was unusually kind. He chatted in a most lively way on all sorts of subjects; but I was too dull to follow him. He evidently thought that I had yielded to his persuasions, and discarded what he simply esteemed my girl's folly. He was mistaken. I was still far from a decision, and the struggle of my heart was still going on within. Three days expired, and I had not passed the threshold of the house. I could not summon up courage to meet my lover. I would wait for a space, and in the meantime trust to chance.

On the evening of the fourth day I was sewing in the sitting-room, when I heard voices in the direction of papa's study. They were men's voices, and one seemed raised in angry altercation. Surprised, I listened attentively. Something in the sound frightened me, and I was soon convinced that I had cause to fear. One of the voices I heard was my father's, the other was that of the Rev. Mr. Macbraith. I threw down my sewing, and crept noiselessly across the lobby. At the study door, which was on the latch, I halted.

"Edward Hayman, let bygones be bygones," said my lover, in low measured accents. "I came here to-night to wipe out the remembrance of all that is past. I have told you that I love your daughter."

My father laughed.

"I dare say!" he replied. "This is not the first time I have heard the story. Well, sir?"

"I have nothing more to say. For form's sake I have come here to ask her hand—a hand which she has already promised to give me; and it is for her sake that I have sacrificed my pride in so doing. Consent to our union, and I may take the consent as an equivalent for atonement. I am willing so far to cancel our wrongs."

"Bah! I know you, Macbraith."

"Do you, then, refuse me the hand of your daughter?"

"I have nothing to say to you; let that suffice. I believe that you have already heard my opinion on the subject. I'll have nothing to do with you or yours. I know you of old, my man; so beware!"

"Do you dare to address me thus?" cried the minister.

Papa laughed mockingly and bitterly.

"I'm no coward, Macbraith, and you know it; and your fine scowling and threatening won't turn my blood cold. You may sneak into my house, man, and libel me; but you shall do so at your peril. Ay, at your peril, although half-a-dozen more mad brothers were prowling about the country, and trying, with your aid, to escape the necessary surveillance of the lunatic asylum."

"Wretch that you are, take care how you make light of your own villainy, or I may forget myself."

There was a loud derisive laugh, a hurried movement, as I passed into the room. There I saw my father raise his hand and strike Mr. Macbraith, drawing blood from the forehead.

"Father!" I cried, standing between them.

He pushed me aside, crying,

"That, Macbraith, is my answer. I utterly defy you to injure me or mine. For this girl here, she is my daughter, fool though she is; and I shall exert my privilege over her."

I turned to the minister. He was snowy white with rage. Every fibre of his body was shaking; and he bit his lips till the blood came, in endeavoring to keep calm. He walked over to my father, quiet, stern, dreadful in his anger.

"Edward Hayman," he hissed between his clenched teeth, "you have done what all who care for you will yet pray on their bended knees, for your sake, to have undone. You have trebled to-night the horrible sin of long years ago; and it is not my fault if you suffer for it. For nothing now shall save you from my just hate, my just vengeance. As for the girl, keep her. I almost hate her now, because she is a child of yours."

"Richard!" I screamed. "Mr. Macbraith!"

But he walked swiftly from the room, and out of the house.

I turned in fierce appeal to my father; but his lips curled in scorn, and he waved me towards the door. The room seemed to swim around me in a sickening heat, as I moved towards him, and, touching him lightly on the shoulder, looked him pleadingly in the face. His excitement was fading away from him now, and he quailed.

"Papa, what have you done?" I cried.—"How can you be so wicked and cruel?"

"Leave me, you fool!"

I left him, horrified at my own scorn of him; and mamma immediately entered to comfort him. All hope was lost, then. Mr. Macbraith did *not* love me; otherwise he could never have resigned me so cruelly and so scornfully. That was my first thought.—At the second thought, I remembered that he was not himself, that he was nearly mad with rage; but I also remembered his headstrong, passionate nature, and feared for the consequences of my father's insult and violence. My love and sorrow grew quite torpid now. I was lost to outer life, and lived in that world of mental dream which is too often the symptom or precursor of physical decline. I began to feel that between myself and the minister had come a cloud which neither of us could ever cross with safety.—We were like woman and man standing distinctly visible to each other on separate banks of a great rushing river, and stretching out pleading hands in vain. What if, in trying to meet, we were to be swept together on the great river's bosom to the lap of an eternal ocean, there to float until the trumpet should stir the dead on the waters into life?

I pass over the occurrences of some weeks, during which I spent all my time between the house and the surrounding garden. My father imposed no physical restraint upon me; but I did not care to venture away from the door. I heard nothing of Mr. Macbraith in the interim. Had he renounced me forever?

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ A recent writer says that the races of the behemoth, the mastodon, and healthy women, are extinct.

☞ Studious men, who look so quiet, are not unfrequently the most restless men in existence.

☞ A certain judge in Ohio is celebrated for his love of a joke and fondness for a game of whist, as well as for his legal acumen. A short time since two witnesses were summoned in a case of some importance to be tried before him. They expected to testify and return home the same night, but the judge, who had heard of their proficiency in his favorite game, before the calling of the cause, rose and said:—"The case on trial will not be heard this afternoon. The witnesses are bound over until to-morrow, and are this afternoon invited to meet at my house to play whist and tell stories. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn court until to-morrow."

☞ A printer's apprentice who attempted to do the agreeable to a clergyman's daughter was shocked when her father announced the text—"My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

☞ If thine enemy hath eaten bread with thee, thine hand shall be powerless towards him.—*Koran.*

☞ A few days since, at an evening party, a gentleman handed his wife a glass of wine; some one asking her if it was Madeira, she replied, "I presume so, for it came from *my dearly.*"

☞ A poor fellow, dying of starvation, should have consolation administered to him by a fry-er.

☞ The best two lines of rhyme yet produced by the rebellion are the following, got off by a youngster at a recent school exhibition in one of the towns of Massachusetts:—

"Rockaby, Jeffy, upon the tree top,
Keep up your lies, or rebellion will stop."

☞ An ambitious barber advertises himself in the Eastport Sentinel as a "professor of Decoracapillaturation and depilacrostation."

☞ The Memphis correspondent of the Cincinnati Times writes:—The darkies were vastly amused over the gunboat fight, and enjoyed it as much as they would have done a corn-husking. "Look heah, massa," said a great, jolly, ebony-faced fellow to me, this morning, in front of the Gayoso. "Did you see ole Uncle Abram's boats go froo dem ere shell-boats of ours? I gosh, dey drapped 'em like egg-shells. Dey cleaned 'em all out fore breakfast. Fore God, it's a good ting for Massa Montgomery dey didn't take all de day to it."

☞ It must be a happy thought to a lover that his blood and that of his sweetheart mingle perhaps in the same mosquito.

☞ HUNGRY CUSTOMER.—"Here, waiter, bring me another carving-knife. I can't cut anything with this villainous thing!"—Honest Waiter—"Beg pardon, sir, but we never sharpen the knives for a shilling ordinary."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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VERNER'S PRIDE.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We have the pleasure of informing our readers that we have purchased the advance sheets of Mrs. Wood's forthcoming story, VERNER'S PRIDE, and shall be able to commence its publication in a very short period.

So great has been the demand for this new work, that FIVE OF THE NEW YORK PUBLISHERS HAVE MADE EFFORTS TO OBTAIN IT—but Mrs. Wood, indulging her kindly feelings for THE POST, which was the first and for a long time the only American periodical to recognize her genius, has given the preference to her old friends in Philadelphia.

"VERNER'S PRIDE" will run through about thirty numbers of THE POST, and will doubtless constitute *the* attraction of our pages while it is being published.

Our subscribers will oblige us by calling the attention of their neighbors and friends to the beginning of this new story, as a capital time for commencing to subscribe to THE POST. As a subscriber in St. Louis writes us,—"The stories of Mrs. Wood alone are more than worth the cost of the paper."

THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

We bespeak the earnest attention of our readers for the following appeal:—

☞ TO THE PUBLIC.—AS THIS fearful combat increases, our sympathies are naturally drawn to the scene of carnage which ensues. Thousands of our countrymen have fallen in the terrible conflict. Many are slain, while others remain suffering with wounds, who, if they survive, are maimed for life. Our Hospitals are overflowing from almost daily accessions to their numbers, while repeated demands come to us from those more contiguous to the scene of action. The call is immediate—the piteous cry is for relief. Who are these sufferers? They are our Friends and Brothers. Shall *we* then sit supinely, and turn a deaf ear to their appeal, regardless of their condition? Rather let our daily energies and evening petitions blend in a Holy Anthem of solicitude in their behalf.

Let us, during the Nation's conflict, while as yet enjoying the security peacefully surrounding our own hearthstone, armed with the panoply of Mercy, extend a hand to save, a heart to soothe.

"THE PENN RELIEF ASSOCIATION FOR SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS" commenced its labors with limited means, trusting to the sympathy of a benevolent public, and now, with an almost exhausted Treasury, are unable to meet the increasing demands. Any assistance, therefore, in Money or Goods, will be gratefully received and judiciously distributed, trusting that the donor will realize the encouraging response, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of *these* my Brethren, ye did it unto Me."

RACHEL S. EVANS, President, North-East corner of Eleventh and Vine streets.
HANNAH I. JENKINS, Vice-President, No. 937 Franklin street.
ANNA P. LITTLE, Secretary, No. 802 North Sixth street.
ANNA R. JUSTICE, Corresponding Secretary North-West corner of Eighth and Parrish streets.
MARY M. SCRANTON, Treasurer, No. 1010 Wallace street.
PHILADELPHIA, June 5th, 1862.

The above association is one of many now in operation in this city. Relative to this—the PENN RELIEF ASSOCIATION—we are able to speak from personal knowledge as to its efficiency and integrity. Our readers may depend upon it, that anything sent to the Secretary of the Association, will be at once devoted to the aid of the numerous inmates of our military hospitals, and will be used, so far as the association can control that use, in the best manner.

We trust that not only our city but our country readers,—those of them who are at all able, and are as yet doing nothing—will organize district or village associations to co-operate with those already in existence in this and other cities. Ladies generally know what articles the sick and the convalescent require, and probably none of these articles can come amiss, in the present crowded condition of the hospitals. Of course some articles are more needed than others, and information as to what those articles are will be cheerfully afforded by the officers of the city associations. We are happy to know that a great deal is doing in this city—that articles of food and clothing, as well as money to purchase such articles, have been very freely contributed—but the demand, while the contest rages as at present, must naturally be constant and excessive. Therefore let the aid be systematic and continuous also, so long as human suffering is to be alleviated—and let the heart of the sick and wounded man be lightened with the thought that his country women acknowledge the debt of gratitude they owe him, and remember him on his bed of suffering as they would a friend or a brother.

CORINTH.

The entrenchments of the rebels at Corinth do not seem to have been very formidable in their character, judging by the official report of Major-General W. T. Sherman. He says:

Somewhat to our surprise, the enemy's chief redoubt was found within thirteen hundred yards of our line of entrenchments, but completely masked by the dense forest and undergrowth. Instead of having, as we supposed, a continuous line of entrenchments encircling Corinth, his defences consisted of *separate redoubts, connected in part by a parapet and ditch, and in part by shallow rifle pits.* The trees being felled so as to give a good field of fire to and beyond the main road.

Again, Gen. Sherman says:—

The evacuation of Corinth at the time and in the manner in which it was done, was a clear back down from the high and arrogant tone heretofore assumed by the rebels. The ground was of their own choice. The fortifications, *though poor and indifferent*, were all they supposed necessary to our defeat, as they had had two months to make them, with an immense force to work at their disposal.

And again:—

My division has constructed seven distinct intrenched camps since leaving Shiloh, the men working cheerfully and well all the time, night and day. Hardly had we finished one camp before we were called on to move forward and build another. But I have been delighted at this feature in the character of my division, and take this method of making it known. *Our intrenchments here and at Russell's, each built substantially in one night, are stronger works of art than the much boasted forts of the enemy at Corinth.*

BROWNLOW'S RECEPTION.

The Rev. W. G. Brownlow—commonly called Parson Brownlow—had a very enthusiastic reception from the citizens of Philadelphia on the evening of the 13th. The Academy of Music was crowded with an audience of the highest character—and the Parson delivered one of his forcible and characteristic speeches, depicting the condition of affairs under the rebel rule in East Tennessee. A splendid Union flag also was presented to his daughter, Mrs. Sawyer, who protected the flag at her father's house, pistol in hand.

We see it stated that of Mr. Brownlow's book describing his imprisonment, &c., the large edition of 60,000 copies has already been sold.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RAVENSHOE. By HENRY KINGSLEY, author of "Geoffry Hamlyn." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities, in Connection with the Calendar. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

TRAGEDY OF SUCCESS. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for May. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

☞ Last October, when the Emperor Napoleon was at Compiegne, a lad of the village, who has wonderful precocity of mathematical development, was questioned by the Emperor. In the course of conversation, he was asked:—"What do you want?" "Ten minutes of your Majesty's revenue." "How much is it?" "Five hundred francs." The money was given the child.

☞ At a recent meeting of a parish, a straight laced and most exemplary deacon submitted a report in writing of the destitute widows and others who stood in need of assistance from the parish. "Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had.

☞ WHAT THE REBELS CAN DO.—An old saying current in European military circles, runs in this wise:—The Spanish to build forts. The French to take them. The English to hold them. To render this complete, the following should be added:—The Confederates to evacuate them.

☞ The bridal attire for the Princess Alice, of England, is very nearly completed. The lace has been preparing in skillful hands for over sixteen months, and the design was chosen by the late Prince Consort.

☞ As a little four-year old boy was being put to bed, his mother said to him—"Kiss mamma good-night, Johnny." He at first refused, and then inquired, "Do lieutenants kiss their mammas?" "Why do you ask that, my dear?" inquired the astonished maternal parent. "'Cause I'm lieutenant of our company, and Joe Walsh is captain." Being assured that it was not beneath his official dignity to "kiss mamma good-night," he thus saluted her, and went to bed.

☞ A man who has no bills against him, belongs to the order of no-bil-l-ty in more than one sense.

☞ The water that has no taste is purest; the rain that has no odor is the freshest; and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

☞ Not the poem which we have *read*, but that to which we *return*, with the greatest pleasure, possesses the genuine power and claims the name of essential poetry.

☞ The annual cost, in this country, of the clergy, is about $6,000,000; criminals, $19,000,000; lawyers, $35,000,000; tobacco, $40,000,000; rum and other intoxicating liquors, $100,000,000.

☞ A new steel ball, with a sharp-cutting edged point, has been invented by Mr. A. G. Parker, Postmaster at Rocky Hill, Connecticut, which by trial is found to excel all others in penetration. These balls were repeatedly driven *through the poll of an axe*, when ordinary bullets made no mark, and an ordinary conical steel bullet simply indented it. The new "bullet proof vest" would not amount to much before Mr. Parker's winged knife, which this invention literally is.

☞ Prentice says:—"A chap sometimes comes in our office, and sits hour after hour without telling one word of truth during the whole time. He can outsit a hen, and outlie the devil."

THE RECENT CAMPAIGN OF THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

"Stonewall Jackson," with what is left of his army, has evidently escaped from the Valley over the Blue Ridge in the direction of Gordonsville and Richmond. His retreat has evinced good qualities—strength of arm and fleetness of foot. It was the known purpose of his raid to "wipe out" Banks's skeleton army and "raise Maryland"—that is, so much of it as sympathizes with rebellion—the residue being considered Yankee "mud sills" of no practical account. He *did* demolish the first regiment he pounced upon—the First Maryland, Colonel Kenly, guarding the pass from the Valley towards Manassas Junction and Washington at Front Royal. But this cost him some hours, and gave warning to Banks, who finding his force but a fraction of that sweeping down upon it, put his trains in motion, and, turning to fight when indispensable, followed them rapidly down the Valley from Strasburg to Martinsburg and hence to Williamsport, where he crossed the Potomac and stood at bay on the Maryland side. "Stonewall" pushed on eagerly and resolutely so far as Charlestown, and sent his cavalry on to the Potomac, but was not in force to prosecute his daring enterprise further, having commenced the raid with less than 40,000 men of the 60,000 men he had expected. The residue had been necessarily retained for the defence of threatened Richmond.

Jackson's scouts and spies soon warned him he must retreat as rapidly as he had advanced, that foes were gathering in his rear, and that he would be lagged. So, tearing himself away from fraternizing but powerless Winchester, he pushed up the Valley, and passed Strasburg just in time to elude Fremont, who, with a force considerably smaller than his own, and just about as hungry and weary, was there descending the main ridge of the Alleghanies, which he had crossed by forced marches from Franklin and Moorfield. Fremont pressed after him, being joined at Strasburg by Gen. Bayard with a brigade of cavalry from McDowell's command, which left him still inferior in numbers to Jackson. After passing through Harrisonburg, closely pressed by Fremont's cavalry, Jackson turned to fight on Friday afternoon last, a little south of that village, preparing an ambuscade into which the 1st New Jersey Cavalry, Col. Windham, fell, and was repulsed, losing 88 men, Col. Windham being unhorsed and captured. A battalion of the Pennsylvania Bucktails, Lieut. Col. Kane, which went forward with three other regiments, to the rescue of the Windham cavalry, was severely handled, losing 55 out of 125 men; Col. Kane being wounded and taken prisoner. Jackson, of course, retreated during the night, not waiting for the main body of Gen. Fremont's army to come up. Gen. (late Col.) Ashby, the best cavalry officer in the rebel service, was here killed. Major Green, of Ashby's old regiment, was also killed.

Gen. Fremont resumed the pursuit of Jackson early on Sunday morning, 8th inst., and found him strongly posted at Cross-Keys, on the road to Port Republic at a point seven miles east of south of Harrisonburg, where a determined fight between the two armies ensued. Gen. Fremont won the field, but the victory was much like Gen. Buell's at Shiloh and Gen. McClellan's at Fair Oaks. Our loss in killed and wounded was about 800, including Col. Von Gilsa of the De Kalb regiment of this city and several captains. The rebels left 500 dead or mortally wounded on the field, notwithstanding they fought under cover of woods and in a strong, well-chosen position. Their total loss cannot have fallen below 1,000, and was probably greater.

Jackson decamped during the night, and pressed on to Port Republic, where the road over the Blue Ridge into Central or Eastern Virginia crosses the south fork of the Shenandoah. Here Col. Carroll, commanding a brigade of Gen. Shields's division, 1,500 strong, had arrived during Sunday, being sent hither on purpose to head Jackson.—Gen. Shields, with the residue of his division, was not far behind. Col. Carroll reconnoitered, saw no force in his front, concluded that he could hold the bridge, and decided not to burn it, but place his cannon where they would command it, and retired to his slumbers.

His mistake was grievous. At daylight next morning, he was aroused by a salute from Jackson's artillery. "Stonewall" had arrived during the night, retreating from the bloody field of Cross-Keys, and at one glance comprehended the necessities of the case. He posted his artillery quietly where they would command the bridge, and, when day broke, opened upon our astonished Colonel from twenty iron throats, backed by an army to whom the passage was a matter of life and death. Carroll's fearfully outnumbered brigade fought like heroes, but their artillery was commanded, and silenced by Jackson's, and the bridge saved. Repeated attempts to burn it were defeated by showers of balls—it was too late—and Jackson's army crossed, fighting, and, though Gen. Tyler's brigade came up, our force was still less than 5,000 to nearly or quite 20,000 rebels. Col. Buckley of the 20th Ohio was badly wounded and captured, and our loss was probably greater than Jackson's, though his was heavy. Jackson of course fought to clear his road and escape over the Blue Ridge before Fremont could come up in his rear, and this he accomplished. He was too wise to fight longer. Fremont reached Port Rebublic that day, but the bird had flown. Jackson probably takes out of the Valley a little more than half the force with which he rushed upon Kenly and Banks ten or twelve days before. But for Carroll's error of judgment in not burning the Port Republic bridge on his arrival at that place, his army would probably have been caught between Shields and Fremont and dispersed. It could hardly have been captured, because in that wooded mountainous country, every cowpath of which is known to the rebel leaders and strange to ours, such an army could have scattered and mainly escaped, but its artillery and baggage would have been lost, and regiments of stragglers must have fallen into the hands of the pursuers. We should also have recaptured our officers whom Jackson is carrying off.

On the whole, Jackson's raid down the Valley and race out of it are among the most stirring episodes of the war. We presume he is now beyond successful pursuit.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

——We may add relative to the battle near Port Republic the following:—

FREMONT'S HEADQUARTERS, PORT REPUBLIC, VA., June 10, 1862.

The army advanced early this morning in line of battle, but finding no enemy, proceeded in column through the woods and over the country to Port Republic. Everywhere were evidences of the completeness of yesterday's successes. The battle was fought at Cross Keys, and takes that name.

The rebel loss was greatly superior to ours. They left their dead and many wounded on the field. Not less than 500 dead were found, and many wounded. Two of their guns were left behind, which we captured this morning.

Capt. Dunker, of Gen. Fremont's staff, was killed. Capt. Gittenan, of Clusceret's staff, was severely wounded. No other staff officers were wounded.

The rebel wounded were found in every house along the road. Ambulances, wagons, arms and clothing, strewed the field. Forty of our wounded taken prisoners, were left in a church, and were retaken.

The 5th Louisiana lost all but thirty men.

The enemy retreated till midnight, and this morning their rear guard crossed the Shenandoah at this place and burned the bridge.

NEWS ITEMS.

SOMETHING NEW.—Mr. C. W. Danehower, of Allentown, while recently on a visit to the Lehigh mountain, discovered a small tree, about three feet in height, bearing real ripe cotton. He dug it out and brought it home, and transplanted it into his garden, where it seems to thrive. It has since been inspected by quite a number of people, all of whom pronounce it a curiosity, no one ever having seen or heard of anything like it. It is altogether unlike the Southern cotton plant or our wild cotton.—*Reading Times.*

SENATOR Wilson recently stated in the Senate that there had been a list prepared of men in the army, and the aggregate was 617,654, but we had a large number at home on leave and sick, and he supposed we had about 500,000 effective men in the field. (Probably 400,000 is nearer the mark.)

COMMANDER Charles S. Bogg, of the United States gunboat Varuna, which was sunk in the recent engagement with the enemy at New Orleans, where he attacked thirteen gunboats of the rebels and sunk six of them, is a native of New Brunswick, New Jersey. When a lad, he told his father he wished to go into the navy. His father said to him:—"You are too clumsy. You would fall into the water from the deck." The next morning his father saw him on the roof of the house; he had climbed the lightning-rod, going up hand over hand. His mother was a sister of the gallant Lawrence of the Chesapeake.

COL. Ellet in command of the ram fleet at Memphis, is the Charles D. Ellet, civil engineer, whose pamphlets criticising Gen. McClellan and urging the construction of the steam rams and iron-clad vessels some time ago, gained him considerable notoriety.

SINGULAR ELOPEMENT.—The Vineyard Gazette says:—"Miss Angeline Smith, of this town, and Capt. John Smith, recently of New Bedford, eloped from this place on Tuesday night. The young lady was engaged to a Mr. Appleby, late Steward of ship Splendid, and they were to have been married on Wednesday morning. The fair lady, who has borne a good reputation, sat up with Mr. Appleby until half-past 11 o'clock Tuesday night, and eloped with Capt. Smith a few minutes before 12. They proceeded to Holmes' Hole, where they took steamer for New Bedford. Capt. S. is upwards of fifty, and not very handsome at that."

THE London Daily News has an editorial on the financial position of the United States, and says it furnishes a striking proof of the constancy of a free people, and the true wisdom of their rulers in relying on that constancy. It defends the public credit of America from the calumnies which have been directed against it.

THE advice of the rebel newspapers to the people of Louisiana to burn all their cotton as a means of "making Europe howl," reminds us very much of what happened during the Irish insurrection of 1798. The notes of John Claudius Beresford, a banker in Dublin, and a bitter loyalist, were in widespread circulation among the community. In order to "ruin the bloody Orangemen," as they said, the rebels burned every note of his they had in their possession and every one they laid their hands upon. Admirable spite!

TURPENTINE FROM PETROLEUM.—Recent London papers state, that scientific experiments made there, have resulted in extracting turpentine from petroleum. The process is said to be a safe one, and it is added that the turpentine obtained by it can be produced at one-third the price that has been heretofore paid for the same article from the Carolinas. This would seem to be confirmed by the fact that painters in this country, have, since the war began, used naptha, one of the products distilled from petroleum, for the purposes to which turpentine was formerly applied.

THE Californians manifest great uneasiness on account of the increasing immigration of Chinamen. Since the present year commenced 57,020 more Chinamen have arrived at San Francisco than have departed from the state, and the last advices from China brought intelligence that more than a dozen ships were about to sail with a full complement of passengers. It is believed that the Chinese population of the state will be increased more than 100,000 in the course of the present year.

ALL the remaining Union prisoners confined at Salisbury, N. C., have been released from confinement, and are now on their way north.

THE President, by proclamation, offers nearly four millions and a half acres of land in Oregon for public sale in October.

THE principle being recognized that medical officers should not be held as prisoners of war, it is directed that all medical officers so held by the United States shall be immediately and unconditionally discharged.

LORD Lyons had an audience with the President on the 13th, being on the eve of his departure for Europe, to be absent for several weeks.

A LARGE lot of cream of tartar, which was sent to the Cincinnati market a short time ago, has been discovered to be largely adulterated with plaster of Paris.

DURING this year 2,000 colored people have left this country and emigrated to Hayti, principally settling at Port au Prince, Cape Hayti, Port de Paix, Aux Cayes, Gonaives and St. Mark.

CAPT. BONAPARTE.—We are authorized to say that the statement in the news from France, per steamer Africa, that Capt Bonaparte, formerly of Baltimore, is serving in the Mexican expedition, is untrue.—*Balt Sun.*

A REMEDY FOR SMALL POX.—Dr. Frederick W Morris, resident physician of the Halifax Visiting Dispensary, N. S., has written a letter to the American Medical Times, in which he states that the "Sarracenia Purpurea," or Indian cup, a native plant of Nova Scotia, is the remedy for small pox in all its forms, curing in twelve hours after the patient has taken the medicine. That "however alarming and numerous the eruptions, or confluent and frightful they might be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such that very seldom is a scar left to tell the story of the disease. If either vaccine or variolous matter is washed with the infusion of the sarracenia, they are deprived of their contagious properties. So mild is the medicine to the taste that it may be largely mixed with tea and coffee and given to connoisseurs in these beverages to drink without their being aware of the admixture. The medicine has been successfully tried in the hospitals of Nova Scotia, and its use will be continued."

ABRAHAM'S BURIAL-PLACE.—While the Prince of Wales was at Hebron, he and his suite obtained permission to visit the cave of Macpelah, Abraham's burial place. They are the first Christians who have been allowed to enter it since the Crusades, nearly 700 years ago. Dr. Stanley says everything is kept in the most beautiful order, and nothing could be more satisfactory than the state in which the tombs are preserved. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Sarah, Rebecca, and Leah are buried there.

SPAIN AND HAYTI.—Spain evidently intends to build up in these waters a powerful free black empire. She distrusts the loyalty of her white creole subjects. They are a little too much exposed to the captivating influences of Secessia, and, seeing what the progress of the age demands, and will not be cheated of, she wisely determines to have her best bower out to windward. So her policy is towards emancipation, and not only this, but she treats free blacks with marked respect and partiality. In Havana you will see a regiment of a thousand free black volunteers parading with the troops of the line or keeping guard in the Obra Pia. The service, it is to be borne in mind, is not allowed to the whites of creole birth, except as special cases of favor. Thus the blacks are educated to the use of arms, while the whites grow up in ignorance of this accomplishment—a wrinkle which the non-slaveholding states of the United States may make a note of. In point of civil privileges the free blacks are in every respect the equal of whites. In courts of law their testimony is considered quite as good, and they have the same rights as to the holding of lands and other property. The Government reserves to itself the right to dissolve the connection of master and slave on proof of cruel treatment, &c. One quarter of the blacks in Cuba are free, and many of them are rich.—*St Domingo Correspondence New York Herald, May 17.*

EXTRAORDINARY MACHINE.—A most extraordinary machine, of much importance to bankers, and indeed to all who use paper money, has just been invented. It is designed for microscopic writing. This enables a person to write in the usual way, and to duplicate his writing a million times smaller; so small, indeed, that it is invisible to the naked eye, yet with a powerful microscope becomes so plain that every line and dot can be seen. The inventor claims that with this instrument he can copy the entire Bible twenty-two times in the space of an inch. Our largest library could be transferred to a sheet of note paper. Practically it will be of great service in preventing forgeries. With one of these machines, a private mark can be put on bills so minute and perfect that the forger can neither perceive nor imitate it, but the bank clerk or broker knowing where to look can at once detect that the bill is not genuine. The machine is the invention of a Mr. Peters.

THE RAM FLOTILLA.—This new arm (or beak) of the navy, which rendered such signal service in the decisive action near Memphis, consists of eight craft. They are mostly steamers razeed and altered by covering their sides with two thicknesses of live oak timber, each being about eight inches thick. The prows are iron-plated and quite sharp. They have powerful engines, as may be seen from their crushing effect when they struck the rebel vessels. Instead of heavy guns, they carried numbers of sharpshooters, whose firing among the rebel gunners was exceedingly effective. Two of the rebel vessels appear to have been sunk outright by the shock of the rams. One consequence of this novel and terrible onset of rams and gunboats was, to throw the rebel fleet into unmanageable confusion, so that their Little Rebel ran into and shaved off the wheel of their Gen. Price, which in turn discharged a crushing broadside into the Gen. Lovell.

GENEROUS AND NOBLE.—A few nights ago, one of the ladies of our city, a passenger on the Metropolis, while coming from New York with some sick and wounded prisoners, seeing that they were not cared for as her generous nature would dictate, and learning from them that the want of the inner man was the strongest, called the stewart of the boat to her, and said: "Can these men have supper?" "No, marm, there has been no provision made of that kind by the Government, and we cannot provide these unless we provide all." "Can you get them suppers if I will pay for it?" "Yes." "Very well, do so." The supper was accordingly got, with all the delicacies on hand. No stint, but the best, for which the sum of $150 was paid. No one was informed of the act—no herald or newspaper reporter was there to proclaim it. One of the recipients of her noble bounty is the author of the above.—*Fall River Press.*

ANECDOTE OF GEN. MCCLELLAN.—A gentleman connected with the army of the Potomac, while before Yorktown, wrote a letter to a friend in Toledo, from which the Blade takes the following extract, showing the activity and zeal of the commander-in-chief, and the grounds of his favoritism with the army:—

"General McClellan is very active. I will relate an incident that came under my own observation. I was orderly for Gen. Peck; he and Gen. McClellan started with seven hundred men in the night, and threw up under the enemy's guns, some entrenchments. Gen. McClellan dismounted from his favorite horse, took hold of the spade, and laid out the ground for the men to work at. He said to the men—'I have worked on the railroad, and you see I am used to shovelling dirt.'"

EXTENSION OF MILITARY DEPARTMENTS.—By order of the Secretary of War, the Department of the Mississippi is extended so as to include the whole of the states of Kentucky and Tennessee. All the officers on duty in those states will report to Major-General Halleck.

The Mountain Department is extended eastward to the road running from Williamsport to Martinsburg, Winchester, Strasburg, Harrisonburgh, and Staunton, including that place, and from thence in the same direction southward until it reaches the Blue Ridge to the southern boundary of the state of Virginia.

The Department of the Shenandoah is extended eastward to include the Piedmont and the Bull mountain range.

THE U. S. TREASURY NOTES.—Thus far $60,000,000 of demand notes receivable for customs, and $90,000,000 in notes not so receivable, have been issued. Total outstanding amount $150,000,000. Of this, $56,500,040 are held by banks and capitalists at a premium. Thus the $60 000,000 may be regarded as practically withdrawn from circulation. Under existing legislation the Treasury, to meet current expenditures, mainly depends on the ninety millions of legal tender notes and on the receipts from customs, hence, at the suggestion of the Secretary of the Treasury, a bill giving authority to issue $150,000,000 more legal tender notes of not less denomination than five dollars, a bill has been reported by the House Committee on Ways and Means.

MEXICO.—The news from Mexico is to the 1st inst., and confirms the defeat of the French troops by the Mexicans. Five hundred of the former were killed, and 900 taken prisoners, but the latter were released, as the victors had not food for them. The Mexicans were actively fortifying the capital, and the French will march against it when reinforcements arrive.

The sentiment current in Havana is that the French designs are not so much against Mexico as against the United States.

There is great dissatisfaction among the French officers, leading to appeals to Napoleon.

LARGE FAMILIES.

A writer in a Historical collection says, in examining the records of the town of Billerica, Mass., he found recorded the names of twenty-six families, consisting of ten children each, twenty families of eleven children each, twenty-four families of twelve children each, thirteen families of thirteen each, five families of fourteen each, one family of fifteen, and one family of twenty-one children. Total, ninety families, of one thousand and forty-three children. Of the family of twenty-one children, there were two mothers. Such cases, it is said, were not rare in the early history of our country.

Dr. Mather mentions one woman who had twenty-two children, another twenty-three by one husband, nineteen of whom grew to mature man and womanhood. The mother of Gov. Phipps had twenty-five children, of whom twenty-one were sons.

The Rev. John Sherman, the first minister of Watertown, had twenty-six children by two wives. The Rev. Samuel Willard, the first minister of Grotton, and afterwads of Boston, and Vice President of Harvard College, had twenty children. Major Simon Willard, his father, and one of the first settlers of Concord, had seventeen children, of whom nine were sons, and all attained mature age and had families.

In Ware, Massachusetts, were two families of twenty-one children each, besides several others numbering ten and upwards. The grandmother of the writer, on the maternal side, was of a family of twenty-four children, all of whom grew up, and married, and had families, with one exception, and this one preferred a life of single-blessedness, as he lived a bachelor. Mrs. Easely of Greenville, South Carolina, was the mother of thirty-four live-born children, and but two pairs of twins.

Families of modern times have greatly diminished in numbers as compared with those of earlier times in New England.—Women seem to be growing more and more feeble and inefficient, physically, in every succeeding generation. Formerly, girls were about as rugged and robust as boys, and could endure about as much by the way of walking, running, leaping, jumping, &c. Then they spun and wove, knit and sewed; but now factories do the spinning and weaving, machines do the knitting and sewing, and Irish girls do the cooking and washing; and the mothers of sickly, pale, puling children (the fewer of such the better) are just able to ride out, as for walking that's out of the question. When they find the way back to woman's true sphere, and exercise the true functions thereof, woman will again rise to the high, vigorous, healthful state or conditions of the mothers of five generations back from the present. The wife, the mother, so long as she eschews the duties of her high office, can never be what she would be, and is, where she fully meets and discharges these duties. Is it not so? is the query which fathers and mothers, too, should ponder in this effeminate age.

CASEY'S DIVISION AT FAIR OAKS.—The following dispatch has been received from Major-General McClellan:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Thursday, June 5, 1862.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—My dispatch of the 1st inst., stating that Gen. Casey's division, which was in the first line, gave way unaccountably and discreditably, was based upon official statements made to me before I arrived upon the field of battle, and while I was there, by several commanders. From statements made to me subsequently by Generals Casey and Naglee, I am induced to believe that portions of the division behaved well, and made a most gallant stand against superior numbers, but at present the accounts are too conflicting to enable me to discriminate with certainty. When the facts are clearly ascertained, the exceptional good conduct will be properly acknowledged.

(Signed) GEO. B. MCCLELLAN, Major-General Commanding.

YANKEE CONTRIVANCES IN THE CHURCHES OF BOSTON.—If the organ-blower's occupation is not already gone, there appears a fair prospect that the period is not very remote when the organist may dispense with the services of his "assistant." In the new Methodist Episcopal Church, on Tremont St., Boston, the organ-blowing is performed by *water-power*—a small stream of Cochituate being introduced, which does the work admirably, without getting the "sulks" and quarrelling with the organist. All that the latter has to do is to turn a stop-cock, which lets on the water, and the organ bellows are put in motion, and supply all the wind desired. In the new church spire of Rev. Dr. Dannett, also in the City of Notions, there is a fine chime of bells, which is to be played upon by means of *electricity*, so that the performer may cause them all to sound exactly in the respective order he may desire, while seated at a key-board similar to that of an organ.

FROM CHARLESTON.—OCCUPATION OF JAMES ISLAND—REBEL FORCE AUGMENTED—30,000 OF BEAUREGARD'S TROOPS ARRIVED.—A special dispatch from Washington says that Mr. Pierce, the Government Superintendent of Cotton Lands in South Carolina, has arrived there. He left Charleston harbor on Tuesday, the 10th. Our forces under Gen. Benham, had occupied James Island, under the protection of the gunboats. The rebel force at Charleston had been greatly augmented. Deserters say that 30,000 men from Beauregard's army had reached there, and every preparation was making for a stubborn defence of the city. Com. Dupont thought our attack could not safely proceed until we had a stronger force. There was heavy firing from the enemy during Tuesday, but no apprehension of danger was felt from an attack on our troops.

NOVEL HAVERSACKS.—Gen. Banks's army, upon arriving at Martinsburg, had had nothing to eat for 24 hours, and no stop for 48. Finding a quantity of crackers left by the Maine regiment on the road, they were distributed to the men, who, having left their haversacks and knapsacks near Middletown, resorted to a novel expedient as a substitute. Taking off their pants, and tying the ends of each leg, they filled them with crackers, and proceeded on their march in their underclothing, with their novel haversacks bestriding their shoulders, to the Potomac.

☞ It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

THE WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Reported Surrender of Fort Morgan.

FROM MEMPHIS.

MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

From Gen. McClellan's Army.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Saturday, June 14.—To the Associated Press—The movements of the enemy to-day have been extensive, and as yet are involved in mystery.

Large bodies of troops have been seen moving down from the neighborhood of the Mechanicsville bridge and Richmond towards the late battle field.

Our pickets were yesterday driven in from Old Church, during which Capt. Royall, of cavalry, was wounded, showing that the enemy design making a demonstration in that direction.

A contraband who came in yesterday reported that a force of 3,000 cavalry left Richmond on Wednesday, proceeding in the direction of Fredericksburg. This is probably the force which appeared at Old Church.

The rebels opened at daylight this morning a sharp fire from artillery in front of Gen. Sumner.

It lasted for about three hours. We had only one man killed and one wounded.

A number of prominent citizens, living between New Kent Court House and the Chickahominy, have been arrested by order of Col. Ingalls, on auspicion of communicating with the enemy.

There is no doubt that the rebel generals are duly advised of every movement of our troops by the people who have remained at home. The weather is hot and sultry.

Dispatches received on the 14th at the War Department, states that a demonstration was made yesterday evening by a force of rebel cavalry and artillery on the right flank of Gen. McClellan's army, at Tunstall's station, apparently with the intention of interrupting his railroad communication. The attempt was met by a force of infanty, and the enemy retreated. No damage was done to the railroad.

The War in the Shenandoah Valley.

Secession reports from Winchester state that Jackson has fallen back to some defensible point, and received a reinforcement of 70,000 men, 10,000 of whom were to keep Fremont engaged while the remainder were to march down the valley west of North mountain, cut Fremont off and sweep him from the valley. Credit is given to the rumor that Jackson is largely reinforced. Gen. Fremont will be able to resist him successfully. Gens. Sigel and Banks are ready for his support if necessary.

Arrangements have been made for promptly furnishing General Fremont's army with the requisite commissary and quartermaster's stores.

From Memphis.

Business at Memphis is slowly reviving. $50,000 worth of rebel property has already been seized. About $150,000 worth of cotton, sugar, &c., are supposed to be concealed. Many absentees are returning. The Mayor and Council are of Union sentiments. Confederate scrip and post stamps are exchanged with difficulty and caution. The Custom-House will be opened shortly. About thirty applications by citizens were made for the postmastership. All applicants for passes or permits to ship goods are required to take the oath of allegiance. It is reported that the rebel Gen. Hindman, after the evacuation of Corinth, left for Arkansas with all the troops from that state. General Pope has reached Okolona. Beauregard and Price are still retreating. Jeff. Thompson was at Granada with less than a thousand men. The rolling stock of the Memphis and Ocio railroad is all at Panola. The post office and Adams's express office have been opened in Memphis. Two steamers left on Saturday for St. Louis, loaded with cotton, sugar and molasses. Some merchants are leaving for eastern cities.

Reported Surrender of Fort Morgan.

NEW YORK, June 14.—The New Orleans Delta, received here by the last mail, says that Fort Morgan, below Mobile, surrendered to Com. Porter's mortar fleet on Thursday, the 29th ult. The other New Orleans papers do not mention the report.

Aid to the Starving Southerners.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 14.—Nearly $6,000 worth of provisions and money have been subscribed here for the starving southerners about Corinth. $3,500 worth of provisions was forwarded on Wednesday, and another shipment of nearly the same value will be made to-day.

Miscellaneous.

The rebels at Charleston have nearly ready for launching two steel plated rams.

The bridge across the Potomac at Harper's Ferry has been completed. The railroad to Winchester will soon be ready for use.

Notice has been given to each of the various churches in Washington, without regard to denomination, that their buildings will be used for military purposes if necessary.

The health of New Orleans up to the 1st inst., was generally good. The sugar cane plantations below the city look well. The pilots and towboats are resuming their vocation between the city and the Southwest Pass.

The rebels are reported to have about 75,000 effective troops around Richmond.

The Santa Fe mail, with dates to the 1st inst., arrived at Kansas City on Saturday. A skirmish had taken place near Fort Craig, between a company of Colorado troops and a body of Texans. The latter had four killed.

A rebel Post-office, fifteen miles south of Norfolk, which had been a link of communication between Norfolk and Richmond, was broken up last Friday.

The feeling between the military authorities of Norfolk and the citizens is improving. A dozen Union schooners are in port loading and discharging.

Authority has been given to raise a regiment of volunteers at Portsmouth, for the war.

Foreign News.

The steamers Bavaria and China bring European intelligence to the 8th inst. The division of the French army now left in Rome consists of three brigades under Gen. Montebello. The Prussian Ambassador has arrived at Paris. The silk crop of France is a success. The Spanish Chamber of Deputies were about to have the documents relative to Mexican affairs laid before them. All differences between Garibaldi and the Italian Government have been satisfactorily arranged. Prince Napoleon was well received at Naples. The Turks have beaten the Montenegrins on the frontiers. It is rumored that Napoleon contemplates a protectorate of Mexico. The Porcupine is to take soundings for the Atlantic telegraph. The E Fleming arrived at Liverpool with a cargo of rosin and turpentine from Charleston. The owner of the Circassian asserts that the vessel had nothing really contraband aboard, and was legimately chartered for a voyage from Bordeaux to Havana. A cargo of salt left Liverpool for New Orleans. Other vessels are soon to follow. The French Empress was expected to pay a private visit to England.—The Italian Government has resolved to form six new brigades of infantry. Austria continues to concentrate troops in Venetia. The Italian Chambers approve of the course of the Ministry. An official document at Madrid relating to Mexican affairs, which was published, produced an impression little favorable to Gen. Prim. The Elector of Hesse Cassel has accepted the resignation of the Ministry and the principal Ministerial functionaries. The House of Commons have decided on the motion against the Government for a reduction of the Government expenditures. A general agitation has commenced at East Lancashire.

Lord Brougham has warmly complimented the Federal government for the new slave trade treaty. The freedom of London has been voted to Lord Canning for his services in India. France and Russia reject the proposition of the Porte relative to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem. New ministries are to be formed in Greece and Hesse-Cassel. The Chinese rebels have been twice defeated with great loss, but were receiving large reinforcements from Nankin.

☞ THE ARAB'S PRAYER.—"Oh! God, be kind to the wicked; to the good Thou hast already been sufficiently kind in making them good."

☞ They tell the story of a young lady of temperate habits in Portsmouth, who was advised by her physician to take ale to fatten herself up. She bought a quart bottle of the article, and drank a teaspoonful twice a day in a tumbler of water!

☞ How much there is in one minute, when one minute extends over the whole world.

☞ A man who owned a lot in Sacramento, California, during the late floods, went to see if his fence was washed away.—He found that he had lost his fence, but had caught a fine two-story house, which made him a good deal more than square in the operation.

☞ WARM AND COLD COLORS.—A subscriber asks the meaning of *warm* and *cold* colors. Warm colors are those which partake more or less of red; cold colors are those from which red is entirely absent.—Blue is decidedly cold; so is green, in a rather less degree. The warmest colors are red and orange.

☞ HARD ON "OLD NICK."—A speaker at one of the anniversary meetings in Boston, in referring to his Satanic Majesty, styled him "the original Jefferson Davis."

☞ A very worthy and pious old dame, who could not read, had several books loaned to her, which she got a little girl to read to her. The deacon of her church loaned her "Pilgrim's Progress," and a nephew a copy of "Robinson Crusoe." Having them read alternately, the dame got the text a little mixed up; and when the deacon called upon her and asked her how she liked "Pilgrim's Progress," he was somewhat surprised when she replied:—"It's a marvellous book, truly; why, what big troubles him and his man Friday undergoed!"

☞ When Madge was a very little girl, her father found her chubby hands full of the blossoms of a beautiful tea rose, on which he had bestowed great care. "My dear," said he, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of these flowers without leave?" "Yes, papa," said Madge, innocently, "but all these had leaves."

☞ We have failed to discover in careful readings of the newspapers, that any northern ship-owner has burned his vessel in retaliation for the destruction of cotton by the rebels. The latter will give us credit for forbearance under great aggravation, no doubt.

☞ A remarkable transaction took place the other day in a village in the west of England. A man of large fortune died, and directed in his will that his horse should be caparisoned and led to his grave, and there shot and buried with him, that he might be ready to "mount at the resurrection, and start to advantage." This was actually performed.

☞ The art of killing makes wonderful progress, but the art of preserving life is probably as little understood now as it was a thousand years ago.

☞ DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT CITY IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—It is reported from Gautemala, that the ruins of an immense city have just been discovered there, containing a very large number of fine specimens of sculpture.

☞ Slander not others because they have slandered you; bite not a reptile because you have felt his bite.

☞ A horse hoe, with which six acres a day can be planted, and the potatoes can be hoed as well as furrowed and covered, has been introduced.

☞ In matters of conscience, the first thoughts are the best; in matters of prudence the last.

☞ The United States are represented in the London Exhibition by 70 exhibitors in 12 of the industrial classes.

☞ In good society, we are required to do obliging things to one another; in genteel society, we are required only to say them.

☞ If it is a good thing to honor dead saints and the heroism of our fathers, it is a better thing to honor the saints of to-day, the live heroism of men who do the battle when the battle is all around us.—*Parker.*

☞ In these days when sacks are fashionable female dresses, a gentleman may be thankful to the lady who gives him the sack, and its contents.

☞ A would-be-wag in Milwaukee tied a string across the pavement of a street, intending to trip some unwary passer-by—but a while afterwards, having occasion to go that way himself, forgot all about his joke, and picked up a broken nose from the pavement.

☞ An Irish editor, residing at Taum, claiming the invention of everything, from potatoes to potheen, for the Green Isle, gravely claims the pianoforte and he does it thus: "The pianoforte of the present day is simply the Irish harp, placed horizontally in a box, and played by machinery."

OLD LETTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

With pleasure half akin to pain,
I take them from their secret place,
And many a dear remembered face
Looks smiling up in mine again.

A goodly pile! but soiled and worn,
And this, whose characters are dim,
Is precious, for it came from him
Who never from my heart was torn.

Alas! my thoughts go fugitive!
His honest heart—his handsome face—
His winning smile—his courtly grace
In memory's sanctuary live!

And here is one—a tender tie
Between the living and the dead;
Alas! what fond hopes perished,
Low in her grave together lie!

The loveliest of little girls,
Sends sweetest messages in rhyme.
Deal tenderly with her, oh, Time!
Rest lightly on her sunny curls!

A bride writes from her new estate—
Oh, Love! dim not one glowing line,
But let thy record live and shine,
Who maketh glad or desolate!

A gentle missive true and kind;
Yet he who traced it lieth cold
Beneath the shroud's unloving fold,
Tho' all he loved are left behind.

And Kate, dear Kate, whose poet heart
Went out in sweet and tender words,
Melodious as the song of birds
When Spring's first buds and blossoms start—

I cannot check the rising tears
For blessed memories of her,
My gentle friend—my counsellor—
Gone from me all these weary years!

Alas! alas! fate worketh ill,
When loving faces cease to meet,
When loving hearts divided beat,
Tho' living on and loving still.

But, ah! regrets are weak and vain!
Sorrow or sacrifice imparts
Something divine to human hearts,
As flowers bloom sweeter after rain.

Another voice my spirit stirs—
I lay these precious relics by,
Again the faded ribbon tie
Around these sweet remembrancers.

Oh, troubled heart! what tho' the past
Hath tokens of the tried and true;
There yet remaineth unto you
A love abiding to the last!

THE DEATH-BED PROMISE.

From the darkened chamber where Philip Stourton's wife lay sick of a mortal disease, the doctor had taken his departure, after gentle but ominous words, and husband and wife were face to face in "the valley of the shadow of death." Buoyed up to the last with hope, that might ebb and flow, but had never wholly forsaken them, the doctor's warning fell heavily indeed on their hearts; and the pangs of parting came upon them with premature unlooked-for bitterness.

"I could have wished to live a little longer with you," said the sick lady, in a momentary lull of tears, "and not to leave the bonnie little children so soon with no mother to care for them; but, Philip, you will promise this, it is my dying request—do not put them in the power of a mother who is not their own; such are always cruel. For the memory of me, dear Philip, for the sake of the children, promise me not to marry again."

Philip Stourton was silent; he felt all the onerous conditions which a promise of this nature involved. However much he loved his wife—and he loved her devotedly—yet he saw what his partner could not see, that in depriving himself of his free will to act, he might be creating for himself a life-long burden and sorrow. But his wife renewed her entreaties, and clasping him round the neck in a passion of tears, besought him not to refuse the request of one so near to the grave. With those dark, beseeching, dying eyes upon him, he could not deny the petition; he promised. Nay, she begged him even to swear that he would be faithful to her memory, and never wed a second wife; and Philip Stourton took the oath, his reluctance vanquished by an importunity which it seemed almost cruelty to resist.

The nurse who tended Philip's wife was a woman of a peculiar temperament, strictly upright, but fanatical in her notions of duty, and with a strong self-will. She was an old servant, had been in the family of Mrs. Stourton's father many years, and had been selected to accompany the young lady at the marriage. She had a sincere attachment to her mistress, who trusted and favored her, and when the fact became known that Mrs. Stourton could not recover, her grief was violent and uncontrollable. On the day following the scene above described, Philip Stourton walking almost noiselessly into his wife's sick chamber, observed the nurse bending over the poor invalid, and taking from her hands a letter, whilst some whispered instructions were being given as to its careful delivery.—His entrance seemed to disturb them somewhat; but he was too heavy of heart to heed anything except the pale face which looked wistfully at him from the pillow. It was a sorrowful day, for before it closed his young wife died in his arms.

During the months of desolate solitude which followed his bereavement, the circumstance of the promise he had given never once recurred to his mind. The great grief swallowed up all minor responsibilities of life. His loss was irreparable, his sorrow inconsolable; with his heart sealed up, as he fancied and wished, against consolation, he went on his cheerless way. But the influences which nature brings to bear upon us in our misfortunes, though slow and silent in their operation, are in the end irresistible.—Grieving constantly over his loss, Philip's sorrow grew less poignant. His children became more dear to him, and to a greater degree than he had thought possible grew to supply the place of his dead wife. By degrees their merriment became less grating to his ears. There were times, too, when his disposition recovered its natural tone; intervals of forgetfulness of the past, of hopefulness for the future. The children found a kind but strict foster mother in the nurse; and his household was a fairly ordered household yet, though not the bright and complete one which he knew before the spoiler had trespassed upon it.

So Philip Stourton lived through his trouble, and found, after a while, in his children, his calling, and his books, both comfort and tranquillity.

In his profession of an architect, he worked steadily and successfully; he loved it because he excelled in it, and labor of any kind blunted the sense of pain and loss. A wealthy manufacturer had employed him in the erection of some extensive business premises, and afterwards of a private mansion; and on the completion of the latter, arranged a pleasant party to celebrate the circumstance. To this festive gathering the architect received a kindly worded invitation. Philip debated with himself whether he should accept it, and finally concluded to do so. His wife had now been dead two years, during which time he had altogether refrained from society. In his happier days he had been anything but a recluse, for a gay and buoyant temperament had made him the favorite of many circles; and now the natural desire to mix with men once more began to find a place in his mind. His promise occasionally recurred to memory, but had hitherto caused him no embarrassment or uneasiness. It was no fear on this score that had influenced his mode of life hitherto; and he thought not at all of the circumstance when he consented at last to break in on the seclusion which had become habitual. Once under the roof of his hospitable friend, Philip's mind quickly took a coloring of cheerfulness and gayety in keeping with the scene. This gayety was, in fact, its most natural phase, and long constraint served no doubt to make each pleasurable impression more vivid. It has been said that he was well fitted to shine in such gatherings; he seemed to regain all his old powers on this occasion. Had the reunion been specially and cunningly planned (as it was not) to allure him back into the circle of living sympathies, the object could scarcely have been accomplished more effectually. The lights, the music, the wine, conversation and repartee, the fair and happy faces about him, made up an atmosphere which a nature like his could not long resist. And when Philip returned to his sombre hearth, the shadows seemed less dense, and his life more lovable than before; for we look at life through the coloring medium of inward feelings, and to these human intercourse is like sunshine. But was there no special reason beyond for this revulsion in Philip Stourton's mind? He might have answered there was no other; but it was whispered that bright glances had shone upon and fascinated him. Pshaw!—glances, indeed! Yes, but they were Honor Westwood's glances, and Honor was a very lovely girl.

She was the niece and ward of Mr. Westwood, their host; his heiress, also, it was said. Philip admired her beauty, felt perhaps a little flattered by her favor. But he was not to be taken by the first pretty face that chanced to look his way. Not in the least.

But Philip had or made an errand to the great house within a few days, when an opportunity was afforded to him of judging whether he had not overestimated the young lady's beauty and courtesy on his first visit; a matter which curiously interested him, and exceedingly favorable to the lady were the conclusions he came to.

Then more than once or twice or thrice did he repeat his visit, and gradually from his heart and from his hearth faded the dark shade which fell upon them when his dear wife died.

One night, after a prolonged visit to the Westwoods, Philip Stourton returned home, and sat down in his silent study with a flushed and troubled brow. He tried to read, but after turning a page or two the book was thrown aside, and he sat with thoughtful eyes before the fire, absorbed in reverie. Not very pleasant were his reflections, to judge from the muttered words that escaped him now and then, betraying the theme on which his thoughts were busy. He had subjected himself to an influence which few can long resist, more especially when the mind has been acted upon by sorrow and solitude. He found himself suddenly in a forbidden realm, tempted by beauty, affection, companionship, feelings universally welcomed as the highest good of earth. But he was under disabilities; he was not free to choose like others; his promise stared him in the face. A wild mood of passion and remorse, and unavailing repentance perhaps for his rash promise, took possession of his mind, and made the long hours of that night sleepless. He was not so deeply enslaved but that he still retained sufficient control over himself to take what was undoubtedly a wise resolution, if he desired to preserve inviolate the pledge he had given to his lost wife.

Honor Westwood wondered when the summer evenings came and went, but brought not the wonted and welcome guest. To wonder succeeded disappointment, and to disappointment, the bitter, though only half-acknowledged pangs of slighted love. Would he ever come again? What discourtesy had she been guilty of? She searched her memory and tortured her mind in vain. In Philip's absence she brooded over his image, and, as we are all apt to do, overvalued the merits of what she seemed to have lost, till in this way her half-formed attachment ripened into absolute love.

Mr. Westwood missed Philip Stourton too, and, unacquainted with the true state of affairs, at last sent a pressing summons for him. And what did Philip? With the faculty of self-delusion which is common to us all, he resolved to visit his friend; it was but a pleasant, intelligent intercourse he sought; was it manly to shun the society he valued because of this shadowy danger? Honor Westwood was nothing to him; he would go. He went, and in that peculiar mood of mind it may be easily guessed with what results. His early impressions were intensified, a passionate love took root in him, against which all his struggles were unavailing. But the lady was changed too; now, Philip had come back, she manifested a certain reserve. He felt the change, and was piqued. Instead of accepting the opportunity thus offered, and placing the intimacy on a footing more consonant to his sense of duty—as had he been at one with himself on the subject he would have done—he determined to combat and overcome this estrangement. He succeeded. As his visits grew more frequent, Honor Westwood's manner resumed its old grace and warmth, till her uncle began to take note of such small circumstances as led him to suspect that his niece and his architect were—well, no matter—Honor was of age, mistress of a small fortune, and Philip Stourton was an estimable man and his good friend. Smooth as regarded outward influences was the course of Philip's love-making, but his own mind was irresolute and distracted. He felt the fascination which had seized upon him grow day by day in power. He knew that he was paltering with a sacred engagement which he had never proposed to himself to break through, yet he would not terminate the dangerous intimacy, and he dared not look beyond the present hour. He worked hard at his profession, crowded task upon task, purposely allowing himself little leisure for reflection, but he gave blind way to his impetuous feelings whenever chance or choice led him to Honor's side. He did not neglect his own home; but the nurse (now housekeeper), to whose management his domestic concerns were intrusted, was far from being satisfied with the state of affairs, and spoke out her mind as she was in the habit of doing. "The motherless children were slighted. Business—if it was business that absorbed Mr. Stourton—should not swallow up home duties; and if it was gay company that attracted him, it was still less excusable." These remonstrances she did not scruple to make to Philip's face, and far from being silenced by his rebukes, let fall expressions which showed a knowledge of the attentions he paid his fair acquaintance, and inveighed bitterly against second marriages. This was sufficiently insolent, but Philip did not care to resort to the obvious remedy. Her well-tried fidelity, and the anxious care with which she watched over the welfare of his children, forbade her being sent away; so her insubordination was endured, and her prate and caprices passed over as necessary evils.

There came a time, however, when Philip's vacillating purpose became fixed, though probably in an opposite direction to what the real balance of his confused feelings inclined him. On a quiet winter evening he and Honor met once again. It might be she was kinder to him than usual, or he himself more susceptible. However that might be, her beauty and the scarcely concealed favor with which she regarded him so far conquered, that before they parted he had asked her to become his wife. And on the morrow, while his mind was filled with conflicting emotions of love and remorse, Honor wrote to him, consenting. It made him very happy of course. Poor Philip Stourton.

He had taken a step, however, which seemed irrevocable, and he rushed blindly on to the end. Like a man engaged in the commission of a crime, he resolutely evaded reflection on the course he was pursuing, though he could not prevent his thoughts from playing at a distance, as it were, round the forbidden point. In incessant labor he endeavored to escape self-examination, indemnifying himself with long evenings of delicious companionship, when conscience, which should then have stung the sharper, was laid to sleep by the all-powerful blandishments of the hour.

After a while the marriage-day was fixed, and the preparations for it were begun. The fact was whispered about, and reached the ears of Philip's housekeeper; but strangely enough that ready tongue of hers for once was mute, though her feelings were anything but placid, to judge from her stormy face.

One evening, after a laughing dispute about some intended matrimonial arrangement, Honor suddenly remarked:

"By the way, Philip, what was the nature of that promise you made your late wife? I have received a curious anonymous letter about you, which I suppose I ought to show you."

Philip's face grew white; he was not able to affect unconcern, the onset was so unexpected, and so deadly. He remained silent, breathing hurriedly like a man in pain.

Honor was rather startled when she observed the effects produced by her words, and said:

"I am sorry, dear Philip, if I have grieved you by my question, but I have indeed received a letter containing some vague accusation or other against you. I give not the slightest credence to it, however; neither do I ask you to explain anything, if to do so would be disagreeable to you. I can trust you, Philip."

"You have trusted me, Honor, more than I deserve," said Philip; "let me look at the letter."

She handed it to him; it contained but a few words, penned, evidently, by an illiterate person, and ran thus:—

"You are about to be married to Philip Stourton, I hear. You have no right to him. Ask him about the promise, the oath he took to his wife who is dead. God will visit you both."

There was no signature. Philip read it thrice, and lingered over it, as though endeavoring to take some resolution in his own mind. He looked at Honor at last, and said—

"Could you marry me, Honor, if you knew I had broken a promise such as the letter mentions?"

Honor trembled a little; but after a short pause, simply said,

"Well, perhaps I could, provided it were not a very bad case."

"A death-bed promise—an oath?" said Philip.

The lady was silent for a moment, and her eyes began to fill with tears.

"What have you been doing, Philip? What do you mean? Must you break an oath in marrying me?"

"I must," groaned Philip. "I promised my wife on her death-bed not to marry again. She had no right—I feel it now—to impose such a burden upon me. I had no right so to pledge myself; but I did. It is irrevocable; no one can relieve me of it."

"I will not marry a man who has perjured himself," said Honor. "You have been cruel, very cruel to tempt me so far for this. I cannot marry you now, Philip," she repeated; and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed bitterly, and left the room. Philip, too, stole away, crushed and miserable; in his own eyes, hopelessly dishonored.

Truth, loyalty, self-respect, you are but thin shades dwelling in a human breast, lightly esteemed, seemingly of little power; but when you depart, the pillars of the world seem to have fallen in, so weak and desolate are our lives without you.

If Philip had been less scrupulously honorable, if in his heart he had attached as little weight to the promise made to his wife as his recent course implied, he need not have seen his hopes fall in ruin about him as they now appeared to do. It was not that he lacked the ingenuity to avert it. It had crossed his mind, of course, to deny the vague accusation contained in that miserable scrawl, to impute malice and falsehood to the writer. Who was to know what transpired between him and his wife at such an hour? And Honor Westwood would have been a lenient judge, although in her secret heart she had believed him guilty; but when confronted with his offence, conscience reasserted itself, and constrained him to admit the truth.

Philip went straight home to his study, and there sat down. By-and-by he got up hastily, unlocked a secretaire, and drew out something which glittered in the dull light of the lamp. It was a pistol. He placed it on the table at his elbow, and turned his pale cheek and absent eyes towards the fire. Did he see faces there, as we all do occasionally, when imagination is busy and judgment in abeyance? Perhaps he did. The gentle face, it may be, of his dead wife, earnest, loving, deprecating the evil deed he meditated. The faces, perchance, of his children, touched with dread and wonder, appealing to him not to leave them helpless to the scant mercy of the world. However that might be, a change came over his face before long which augured a better mind, and he put the shining loathsome weapon back.

On the morrow, though his reflections were bitter enough, the despair which had given birth to that dark thought of the previous night no longer haunted him. It was true that there was an end forever of his hopes for Honor, but now at least he could face conscience once more. He was even glad, amidst his disappointed passion and poignant sense of humiliation, that he had been prevented from completing his design. The authorship of the anonymous letter perplexed him, though his suspicions finally narrowed down upon his own housekeeper. Yet how could she have possessed herself of the secret? His wife, he felt certain, would never have communicated to her what took place at that troubled interview, but it was possible she might have overheard. He took measures to ascertain, if he could, the truth; but they were of no avail. The woman's sullen answers revealed nothing, and Philip ceased at last to question, though not to suspect her.

With stern self-discipline, Philip weaned himself from everything connected with his unfortunate passion, hoping to find, as once before he had found, in labor, solace and forgetfulness. The struggle, though sharp, was in a measure successful, and he calmed down by degrees into content. It would have been harder to him had he seen how dim the fair face of Honor grew beneath the cruel blow dealt her in her trustfulness; and had he heard the apologies she made for him to her own heart, he would most surely have been tempted back. Her sex naturally, it may be assumed, would deal lightly with such an offence. A woman perhaps was wronged, but a woman was the gainer—and promises are but words. Honor was angry with him, it must be confessed; but rather because he faltered than because he allowed himself to be tempted. "She had no right to exact such a promise; he had no right to give it; but the fault was hers. Oh, Philip, had you urged this as some would have urged it, I think I should have forgiven you." So mused the woman he loved; and it was well for Philip he could not know.

With great chivalry of character, Honor never disclosed to her guardian the cause of the abrupt termination of their engagement; and he naturally attributed it to some petty quarrel originating in a difference of disposition. "You must make it up, Honor," he said more than once. "Write to Philip, and bring him back." But of course Honor never wrote, and Philip never came.

Several months had passed away, when Philip Stourton's housekeeper was taken seriously ill. Meeting the doctor after one of his visits, Philip asked how his patient progressed.

"I will not disguise from you," was the reply, "that she is in great danger, I fear she will not recover."

"I trust you are mistaken, doctor," Philip said; "I could ill afford to lose her, she has been a most faithful servant."

The same evening Philip visited the sick-room, and perceived too plainly that he had heard the truth. A peculiar expression came over the pale hard features of the housekeeper when she observed his entrance, and there was an anxiety in her manner of replying to his inquiries which attracted his attention.

"Are we alone?" she asked.

Philip replied in the affirmative.

"I wished much to see you. I know I shall not live long," she continued; "and there is a matter nearly concerning you, of which I feel it my duty to speak—something about your late wife, my beloved mistress."

Her voice was steady, her manner resolute; but she paused, as if debating with herself whether or not to proceed. Philip asked if she referred to the letter received by Honor Westwood.

"Yes, to that, and something beside.—Mark, sir, I do not confess I have done wrong. I do not believe it, and I do not repent of what I have done. But if I had lived, I should have broken silence some day, and I feel I have no right to take my secret out of the world with me. Listen; I nursed Mrs. Stourton when she was a child, and I loved her. Before she died, she called me to her, and confided to me how in the first dreadful moment when the knowledge of her fate came upon her, she had exacted from you an oath that you would never marry again. She told me that in a calmer hour she had considered and repented of that act, but that the subject was too painful to be revived betwixt you again. She intrusted to me a letter which she had written to you, and enjoined me to deliver it to you when she was dead. That letter I never delivered."

Philip was struck dumb by the avowal; the old affection and the new hope, both starting to life at the sound of the dying woman's voice, clashed together within his heart.

The housekeeper went on:

"Of second marriages I do not approve, and I do not believe they are happy ones. It was enough for me that my darling wished you not to marry again. She might unsay the words, but she could not unsay the wish, and I followed her wish. Had you not your children to console you, and was I not better to them than a stepmother could be? However, I am leaving you now, and you may work your will. I wrote the letter to Miss Westwood. I do not say forgive me for all this, for I have prayed to heaven for guidance, and my conscience does not condemn me."

"Nurse, you have acted a strange part; I might reproach you, save that you are so near to the time when you will be judged by a higher power. Where is the letter you have withheld?"

The sick woman put her hand beneath the pillow, and drew it forth. Philip took it and silently left the room.

In the silence of his study, with a beating heart, he opened the letter, which seemed in truth like a message from the dead. With difficulty he deciphered the loving, sorrowful words that his wife's dying hand had traced to free him from his fetters. Amongst many a blurred passage of tenderness and regret, there was no word of reservation; he stood fully absolved from his oath.

Men's hearts will not cease to beat with love and passion though never so faithful a friend or dear companion is spirited away from their sides. The dead are not forgotten, nor are their memories profaned because we who are left, impelled by irresistible instincts, seek out in the living world those who can best compensate us for our loss. It is but selfishness, after all, that commands us to remember yet forbids us to restore, and

Set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony.

It was not long before Honor Westwood had to weigh another proposal, urged with greater earnestness and new credentials; nor was it long before the bells rang out a merry marriage-peal for Philip Stourton's second nuptials.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

There he lay upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples,—to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face:
For since he had been cover'd over-much
To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose
The shepherd's heart-blood ebb'd away into,
The luster for his love. And love was here
As instant! in the pretty baby-mouth,
Close shut as if for dreaming that it suck'd;
The little naked feet drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings: everything so soft
And tender,—to the little holdfast hands,
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould of't. —*Mrs. Browning.*

TWO WAYS OF FISHING.—When men go a fishing for trout, they take a light, tapering pole, with a fine silken line attached, and a sharp hook with a sweet morsel of worm on the end. They noiselessly drop the line on the water and let it float to the fish, which nibbles, and by a slight twitch is landed safely upon the bank.

But when men go fishing for souls, they tie a cable on to a stick of timber, and an anchor is the hook. On this a great chunk of bait is stuck, and with this ponderous machine grasped in both hands, they walk up and down thrashing the water, and bellowing at the top of their voices, "Bite or be damned." —*Rev. Dr. Bellows.*

☞ A young officer of the Lord Verisopht school recently went to Drury Lane to see the great tragedian, Charles Kean, in "Hamlet." It was the first time he had seen that noble tragedy, and on being asked how he liked it, he said—"Haw! it's a very clever play; but I think it's too full of quotations."

☞ Some Hibernian whitewashers recently employed to whitewash one of the grammar school houses in Lowell, so far exceeded the expectations of their employers, as to whiten the *blackboards*.

SUCCESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

We may say that success is a hideous thing. Its counterfeit of merit deceives men. To the mass, success has almost the same appearance as supremacy. Success, that pretender to talent, has a dupe—history. Juvenal and Tacitus only reject it. In our days a philosophy which is almost an official has entered into its service, wears its livery, and waits in its antechamber. Success; that is the theory. Prosperity supposes capacity. Win in the lottery and you are an able man. The victor is venerated. To be born with a caul is everything. Have but luck, and you will have the rest; be fortunate, and you will be thought great. Beyond the five or six great exceptions, which are the wonder of their age, contemporary admiration is nothing but short-sightedness. Gilt is gold. To be a chance comer is no drawback, provided you have improved your chances. The common herd is an old Narcissus, who adores himself, and who applauds the common. That mighty genius, by which one becomes a Moses, an Æschylus, a Dante, a Michael Angelo, or a Napoleon, the multitude assigns at once and by acclamation to whoever succeeds in his object, whatever it may be. Let a notary rise to be a deputy; let a sham Corneille write *Tiridate*; let a eunuch come into the possession of a harem; let a military Prud'homme accidentally win the decisive battle of an epoch; let an apothecary invent pasteboard soles for army shoes, and lay up, by selling this pasteboard instead of leather for the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, four hundred thousand livres in the funds; let a pack-peddler espouse usury and bring her to bed of seven or eight millions, of which he is the father and she the mother; let a preacher become a bishop by talking through his nose; let the steward of a good house become so rich on leaving service that he is made minister of finance;—men call that Genius, just as they call the face of Monsqueton, Beauty, and the bearing of Claude, Majesty. They confound the radiance of the stars of heaven with the radiations which a duck's foot leaves in the mud.

THE BEARD, AND WESTERN PHYSIOGNOMY.

One of the brightest men we are acquainted with, on this planet, sent us a note, the other day, commencing thus:—

"A man is to be with you, to-morrow, whom you *should* know, if you do not—Thorpe, the 'Bee-Hunter,' the orator, wit, journalist, efficient man of business and modest politician—really a person of singular originality, sagacity and integrity; though very positive in his tastes, as you will see by what I enclose."

The enclosure was a criticism by this gentleman (Colonel T. B. Thorpe) upon one feature of Leutze's picture at the Capitol—the giving of *beards to his figures of Western men*. What he says upon the subject (in a letter to the Times) seems to us worth the preserving:—"'The True Pioneer of the West' is the most genuinely American character we have; it is the only one, in fact, in our national development, that is free from the influences of foreign contact—and the physical appearance of the genuine Western man is unmistakable, and most harmonious with his thoughts and pursuits. Now we understand that the 'two studies' alluded to made by Mr. Leutze, are remarkable for having a profusion of hair about the face and head; if this is so, we say, unqualifiedly, that any face with a profusion of hair or beard, introduced in Mr. Leutze's picture of 'Westward the star of Empire takes its way'—if the actors are intended for Western men—*will be incorrect and historically false*, and must, therefore, mar the perfection of his design. The long beard, as an appendage to the face, is not the sign of the laborious man; it is natural to the dreamy Orientals; the conquerors of the world, including the Greeks, Romans, Anglo-Saxons, and the real representatives of the American pioneer, discarded the long beard for the most natural of all reasons, it was in the way of their active pursuits. The American backwoodsman has never worn the beard. He may have, in times of uncommon excitement, allowed it to grow for a few days, but at the first favorable opportunity it was removed as a nuisance. The form and physiognomy of the Western man are as naturally the product of their stock as are the forms and expressions of the different varieties of blooded animals. The long, lank figure, sunken cheeks, straight, strong hair of the American woodsmen, is inherited from progenitors, who have made, in their founding of empires, exercise, long marches, privations, starving, and meat diet, the characteristics of their lives. With such an origin, obesity, long glossy curls, waving braids, or any of the signs of luxurious civilization are impossibilities. Mr. Lincoln is a first-rate specimen of the true Western man. Mr. Clay, in our own hearing, said his soft hair did his otherwise Western appearance injustice. Parson Brownlow, one of the most genuine and perfectly American characters of this war, is another true specimen of the Western man: truly so, physically and morally; and these three men named, of the great West, represented in beards or long hair, would be simply disgusting. Since Mr. Lincoln has become President he has worn whiskers, but it was an innovation upon the custom of his life, and the traditions of his people. Let Mr. Leutze, if he would do himself and the nation justice, discard the sentimentalities of art, and paint truth."—*Home Journal.*

☞ A curious change in the comparative aristocracy of livelihoods, was in the latter half of the seventeenth century, when the English yeomanry began to yield precedence to the commercial and manufacturing classes.

☞ Five hundred dollars reward is offered for a newspaper correspondent who corresponds with the truth.

THE SANCTITY OF LOVE.

I love! and Love hath given me
Sweet thoughts to God akin,
And open'd a living Paradise
My heart of hearts within:
Oh, from this Eden of my life
God keep the Serpent Sin!

I love! and into Angel-land
With starry glimpses peer!
I drink in beauty like heaven-wine,
When one is smiling near!
And there's a rainbow round my soul
For every falling tear,

Dear God in heaven! keep without stain
My bosom's brooding dove:
Oh, clothe it meet for angel arms,
And give it place above!
For there is nothing from the world
I yearn to take but Love.

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLII.

AN OFFICAL CEREMONY INTERRUPTED.

A gray dusky morning, enveloped in fog, succeeded to the fine night. Before 7 o'clock—so watchful and alert are boys when mischief is agate—most of those who had been in the conspiracy were assembled and waiting round the school-room doors; generally, they could tear up at the twelfth moment. They would not have missed the sight of Charles Channing's arrival for half-a-crown a-piece, so curious were they to see how he looked, after his fright. As it happened, it was not at any of their homes that inquiries had been made the previous night; not one of them was, to say, intimate with Charley: they were mostly older than he. Consequently, they knew nothing of the search. Tod Yorke, who did know of it, had not yet arrived: of all the king's scholars, none were marked late more frequently than Master Tod.

The senior boy had gone to the head master's for the keys as usual, and now came down the cloisters clanking them in his hand.

"Has Charles Channing turned up?" he called out, before he was well abreast of them.

Pierce senior choked away his inclination to laughter, which the sound of the name excited, and saucy Bywater answered:

"Where should he turn up from, Huntley? Has he been swallowed?"

"Hamish Channing came to our house last night, ages after I was in bed, saying they couldn't find him," replied Huntley. "What was in the wind last night with old Calcraft?"

The boys looked at him demurely; and Huntley, getting no reply, unlocked the school room and entered it. They remained behind, winking to each other, and waiting still for Charles. It wanted yet a few minutes to seven.

"I say, what d'ye think?" whispered Bywater. "After I had got our sheet smuggled in, all right, and was putting it on the bed, I found two big holes burnt in it. Won't there be a commotion when my old aunt finds it out! She'll vow I have been reading in bed. That was you, Pierce senior!"

"I'm sure I never burnt it," retorted Pierce. "It was the flame did it, if anything."

"Here comes Bill Simms!" exclaimed Bywater, when their smothered laugh was over. "What has he been doing to himself? He's as white as the ghost!"

Mr. Bill Simms assuredly did look white. He had a pale face at the best of times, and it was embellished with straw-colored hair. But at the present moment it had turned ghastly, and his frame seemed all of a shake as he came along.

"What on earth has taken you, Simms?" demanded Hurst.

"Oh goodness!" uttered Simms, "I wish I was well out of this! They are saying there's a college boy drowned!"

"What?" cried the boys, gathering round him.

"There was a crowd down by the boat-house as I came along," responded Simms, as well as he could speak for his chattering teeth. "I asked a fellow what it was, and he said he didn't rightly know, but he thought one of the college boys had been found drowned in the water."

Some of the gentlemen-listeners' faces turned as pale as Mr. Bill Simms's; as pale as each conscience. Bywater was the first to gather courage.

"It's not obliged to be Charley Channing, if there is any one drowned.

"But it's sure to be him," chattered Simms, his teeth as crazy as his grammar. "Griffin junior says Arthur Channing went to their house last night at twelve, and said they couldn't find Charley."

The consternation into which this episode of news plunged the guilty ones, it is not easy to describe. A conviction that it *was* Charles Channing who was drowned overtook them all. School-boys are not quite without hearts, and they would have given all they possessed in that moment, to see Charles come flying among them, as usual. Some of them began to wish they were without necks; for if Charles had come to an untimely end through their work, they might stand a chance of furnishing employment to the veritable Mr. Calcraft on their own score. Tod Yorke came leaping up in delight.

"Oh, wasn't it good! The young one—"

"Hold your noise, Tod! They are saying he's dead."

"Who's dead?" wondered Tod.

"Charley Channing. A college boy is found in the river, drowned."

"Oh, that be hanged!" exclaimed Tod, half in mocking disbelief, half in awful fear. "It *can't be*, you know. Who says it?"

"There's seven! We must go in, or Huntley will be on to us. Mind!" added Pierce senior, for he was the speaker, "we must all keep each other's counsel, and be in one tale—that we know nothing at all about it."

They slunk into school. But that the senior boy was occupied with his new duty—the calling over of the roll—he might have observed something was wrong. To play up a bit of mischief is the legitimate privilege of college boys; but to have led to a companion's death, is a terror-stricking affair; and their countenances betrayed that it was.

Before the roll was finished, the head master was in school. Tom Channing—it was late for him—entered afterwards. The master beckoned to him.

"Is Charles found?"

"No, sir. We cannot get any tidings of him at all. We have not been to bed, any of us; and the police are searching also." Had Tom Channing come from the other side of the Boundaries, near the boat-house, perhaps he might have been able to give a different account.

The master made no comment then. He motioned Tom to his desk, and gave the word for prayers. As the boys were rising from their knees, Hamish Channing entered the school, attended by Mr. Ketch.

Hamish approached the master, who shook hands with him. Ketch remained snarling and grinning defiance at the door, shaking his fist and his old teeth covertly at the boys. If looks could blow up a room, the college school had certainly gone aloft then.

"I hear you have not found the boy?" said the master to Hamish. "It is very singular."

"We have not found him. Mr. Pye," continued Hamish gravely, "I come to demand of your courtesy an immediate investigation into the doings of the college boys last evening. That the disappearance of Charles is in some measure connected with it, we cannot do otherwise than think. I have brought Ketch with me that he may tell his tale."

Ketch was marshalled forward and ordered to tell his tale, and the business of the school was suspended. Ketch told it in a distinct way enough; but he could not forbear enlarging upon his cruel disappointment over the tripe and onions, and it sent the school into convulsions. In the midst of it Tom Channing breathed freely; Ketch's preferring the complaint did away with the unpleasantness he had feared might arise, through having been forced to disclose it to the master.

"I should be sorry to get displeasure visited upon any of the boys," resumed Hamish; "indeed, I should esteem it a favor, sir, if you will not punish them for any disclosure that may arise through this step which I have taken. I dare say," he added, turning his laughing gaze upon the lot, "that I should have been one of the ringleaders myself, in my school days, therefore it would not be fair for me to bring punishment upon them. I only wish to know which of the school were in it, that I may make inquiries of them whether Charles was one, and, if he was, what they know of his movements afterwards."

The address was fair and candid; so was Hamish's face; and some of the conspirators, in their good feeling, might have freely confessed, but for something just whispered to them by Simms. That closed their lips.

"Do you hear?" said the master, speaking sharply, for he had rather, ten times over, that the school frankly avowed mischief when brought to book; he was never half so severe. "Why are you silent?"

Bill Simms, who had the bump of conscientiousness very large, with a wholesome dread of consequences, besides being very timid, felt that he could not hold out long.

"Oh, murder!" he groaned to Mark Galloway, next to whom he sat, "lets tell and have done with it."

Mark turned cold with fear.

"You're a pretty fellow!" he uttered, giving him a tremendous kick on the shins, "would you like us all to be tried for our lives?" which suggestion made matters worse; and Bill Simms's hair began to stand on end.

"Huntley, have you any cognizance of this?" demanded Mr. Pye.

"None, sir." And so said the three seniors under him.

"Boys!" said the master, bringing his cane down upon the desk in a manner he was accustomed to do when provoked, "I *will* come to the bottom of this business. That several of you were in it, I feel sure. Is there not *one* of you sufficiently honest to speak, when required so to do?"

Certain of the boys drooped their conscious faces and their eyelids. As to Bill Simms, he felt fit to faint.

"What have you done with Charles Channing?" thundered the master. "Where have you put him? Where is he gone? I command you to speak! Let the senior of those who were in it speak! or the consequence be upon your own heads."

The threat sounded ominous in the ears of Bill Simms; he saw himself, in prospective, exposed to all the horrors of a dungeon, and to something worse. With a curious noise, something between a bark and a groan, he flung himself with his face on the floor, and lay there howling.

"Mr. Simms," said the master, "what has taken you? Were you the chief actor in this?"

All considerations had disappeared from Mr. Simms's mind, save the moment's terror. He forgot what would be his own position in the school, if he told, or—as they would have expressed it—turned sneak. Impelled by fear, he was hardly conscious of his words, hardly responsible for them.

"It wasn't me," he howled. "They all know I didn't want the trick played upon him. I told them that it had killed a boy down by our farm, and it might kill Channing. They know it, they do."

The master paused.

"Walk here, Simms."

Simms picked himself up from the ground and walked there. A miserable object he looked; his eyes red, his teeth shaking, his face white, and his straw hair standing on end.

The master leaned his arms upon his desk, and brought his face nearly into contact with the frightened one.

"What trick did you play upon Charles Channing?"

"'Twasn't me, sir," sobbed Simms. "I didn't want it done, I say. O-o-o-o-o-o-h. I didn't! I didn't!"

"What trick *was* played upon him?"

"It was a ghost dressed up to frighten him, and he passed through the cloisters and saw it. It wasn't me! I'll never speak again if it was me!"

"A ghost!" repeated the master in astonishment, while Ketch stretched his old neck forward, and the most intense interest was displayed by the school.

"They did it with a sheet and a blue flame," went on Simms; who, now that the ice was broken, tried to make a clean breast of it, and grew more alarmed every moment. "It wasn't me! I didn't want it done, and I never lent a hand to the dressing up. If little Channing *is* dead, it won't be fair to hang me."

"Who was in the plot?" was the next question of the master. And Simms enumerated them. The master, stern and grim, beckoned to the several gentlemen to walk up, and to range themselves before him. "The lad has run some distance in his terror," observed the master aside to Hamish, as he remembered what Judith had told him the previous night. "You will see him home in the course of the day."

"I trust we may!" replied Hamish, with marked emphasis.

Bit by bit, word by word, the master drew the whole truth from the downcast lads. Pierce senior looked dogged and obstinate: he was inwardly vowing unheard-of revenge against Mr. Simms. Probably most of them were doing the same.

"I knowed it was them! I knowed it couldn't be nobody but them!" broke forth old Ketch, summarily interrupting the proceedings. "You sees now, sir, what a incorrigible—"

"Silence!" said the master, raising his hand. "I can deal with this without your assistance, Ketch. Hurst, who concocted this infamous plot?"

Hurst—who was the senior of the conspirators, with regard to his position in the school, though not so old as Pierce senior—could not answer it definitely. It was concocted between them, he said; not by one more than by another.

"Did you not know that a trick, such as this, has deprived *men* of reason?" continued the master. "And you play it upon a young and defenceless boy! I am at a loss how to express my sense of your conduct. If any ill shall have happened to him through it, you will carry it on your consciences for ever."

Remembering what they had just heard, the boys' consciences had begun to twitch already.

"Who personated the ghost?" continued the master.

"Pierce senior." The answer came from Simms. The others would not have given it.

"I might have guessed that," was the remark of the master, who had no great love for the gentleman named. "I might have known that if there was a boy in the college school who would delight to put himself forward to trample on one younger and more sensitive than himself, it would be Pierce senior. I'll give you something to remember this work, Mr. Pierce. Yorke."

Gerald Yorke knew what he was called for. He was the tallest and strongest of all. The school knew; and a murmur of excitement went round. Pierce senior was going to be hoisted.

Only in very flagrant cases was the extreme punishment of flogging resorted to by the present master. It had been more common with his predecessor. Of course its rarity made it all the more impressive when it did come.

"Make ready," said the master to Pierce senior, unlocking his desk and taking out a birch as big as a whole besom.

Pierce turned green and white, without help from any blue flame, and slowly began to obey. There might be no resistance. The school hushed itself into suspense, and Mr. Ketch's legs were on the point of taking a dance of ecstacy. A minute or two, and the group formed the centre of the upper part of the room; Yorke supporting the great boy whose back was bared, while the daunted faces and eager eyes were strained eagerly from around. The head master took his place, and his birch was raised in the air to come down with a heavy stroke, when a commotion was heard at one of the desks, and Stephen Bywater rushed forward.

"Stop, sir!" he said to the master. "If you will let Pierce go, I will take the punishment."

The master's arm with its weapon of war dropped powerless by his side, and he turned his astonished gaze upon Bywater.

"I had more to do with planning the trick than Pierce had, sir, so it's only just that I should be the scapegoat. We fixed upon Pierce to personate the ghost because he was tall and lanky. And a flogging is not much to my skin," added honest, impudent Bywater.

"So *you* were the planner of it, were you, Mr. Bywater?" demanded the angry master.

"In a great measure I was, sir. If I do go in for mischief, it shall not be said I let others suffer for it. Little Channing had offended me, and I wished to serve him out. But I never thought to do him harm."

In the perplexity of deciding what he ought to do, when official proceedings were interrupted in this unprecedented way, the master hesitated. What he would have done is uncertain—flogged Pierce first and Bywater afterwards, perhaps—but at that moment there occurred another interruption, and a more serious one.

Diggs, the man who lived at the boat-house, had entered the school, and was asking to speak to the head master. Catching sight of the signs of the ceremony about to be performed, he waited for no permission, but went forward at once, a college cap in his hand, and his voice trembling with excitement. Its excitement was not lessened when he recognized Hamish Channing.

"I am the bearer of bad news, gentlemen," he said, addressing them both. "I fear one of the young college lads was drowned last night by my boat-house. We have picked up his cap this morning. It was poor little Master Channing."

Hamish controlled his emotion better than did the Rev. Mr. Pye. The latter turned his eyes on the horrified school, himself equally horrified, and then signified to Pierce senior to dress himself—to Bywater to retire to his place. "The affair has become serious," he observed, "and must be dealt with differently. Poor child! Poor little Channing!"

And the boys, in their emotion, broke into an echoing wail—"Poor little Channing! poor little Channing!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

DRAGGING THE RIVER.

The wailing echoes of lamentation were dying out in the high roof of the college school. Hamish Channing, pale, but calm and self-controlled, stood perfectly ready to investigate the account brought by the boat-house keeper of the drowning of Charles.—The feelings of those who had had a hand in the work may be imagined, perhaps, but certainly cannot be described. Bill Simms choked and sobbed, and pulled his lanky straw hair, and kicked his legs about, and was altogether beside himself. The under masters looked on with stern countenances and lowering brows; while old Ketch never had such a disappointment in all his life (the one grand disappointment of the previous night's supper excepted) as he was feeling now, at the putting off of the flogging.

Diggs, the boat-house keeper, was a widower, with one child, a girl of ten years old. His mother lived with him—an aged woman, confined to her bed of late with rheumatic fever, from which she was slowly recovering. On the previous night Diggs was out, and the girl had been sent on an errand, Mrs. Diggs being left in the house alone. She was lying quietly still, as was the air outside, when sudden sounds broke that stillness and smote upon her ear. Footsteps—young steps they seemed—were heard to come tearing down on the outside gravel, from the direction of the cathedral, and descend the steps. Then there was a plunge into the river, and a startling cry.

The old woman echoed the cry, but there were none to hear it, and she was powerless to aid. That a human soul was struggling in the water was certain; and she called and called, but called in vain. She was shut up in the house, unable to move; and there were none outside to hear her. In her grief and distress she at length pulled the bed-clothes over her ears that she might hear no more (if it was to be heard) of the death-agony.

Twenty minutes or so, and then the girl came in. The old woman took her head from underneath the clothes, and stated what had occurred, and the girl went and looked at the river. But it was flowing along peacefully, showing no signs of anything of the sort having happened. Not a creature was on the path on either side, so far as her eyes could reach in the moonlight; and she came to the conclusion that her grandmother must have been mistaken.

"She do have odd fancies," said the child to herself, "and thinks she hears things that nobody else never hears.

At ten o'clock Diggs came home. Now, this man had a propensity to yield to an infirmity to which many others also wickedly yield—that of drinking too freely. It is true this did not often occur; but when it did happen, it was usually at a time when his services were especially required. It is very much the same in this world; we are apt to do things, whether good ones or bad ones, just at the wrong moment. Diggs arrived at home stupid. His old mother called him to her room, and told him what she had heard; but she could make little impression upon him. As his young daughter had done, he took a survey of the river, he taking it only from the windows of the house—the girl had gone on to the bank—and then he tumbled into bed, and slept heavily until the morning.

Up betimes, he remembered what had been told to him, and went out of doors, half expecting, possibly, to see some corpse floating on the surface.

"I was detained out last night on an errand," explained he, to some three or four stragglers who had gathered round him, "and when I got in my old mother told me a cock-and-bull story of a cry and a splash, as if somebody had fell into the river. It don't look much like it, though."

"A dead dog, maybe," suggested one of the idlers. "They be always a throwing rubbish into this river on the sly."

"Who is?" sharply asked Diggs. "They had better let me catch 'em at it!"

"Lots of folks is," was the response. "But if it was a dead dog, it couldn't well have cried out."

Diggs went in-doors to his mother's chamber.

"What time was it, this tale of yours?" asked he.

"It was about half-past seven," she answered. "The half-hour chimed out from the college just afore or just after, I forget which." And then she related again what she knew he could not clearly comprehend over night: the fact of the fleet-sounding footsteps, and that they appeared to be young footsteps. "If I didn't know the cloisters to be shut at that hour, I should ha' thought they come direct from the west door—"

The words were interrupted by a calling from below, and the man hastened down. A boy's cap, known from its form to belong to one of the collegiate scholars, had just been found under the lower bank, lodged in the mud. Then somebody *had* been drowned! and it was a college boy!

Where does a crowd collect from? I don't believe anybody can tell; but that we can't see their descent, it might be supposed they dropped from the skies. Not three minutes after that trencher was picked up, the people were gathering thick and threefold, retired though the spot was; and it was at this time that Mr. Bill Simms had passed, and heard the tale, which turned his heart and his face white.

Some time given to supposition, to comments, and to other gossip indigenous to an event of the sort, and then Mr. Diggs started for the college school with the cap. Another messenger ran to the Channings's house, the name in the cap showing to whom it had belonged. Diggs related the substance of this to the master, suppressing certain little points bearing upon himself.

Mr. Pye took the cap in his hand and looked inside. The name, "C. Channing," was in Mrs. Channing's writing; and in the sprawling hand of one of the school-boys—it looked like Bywater's—"Miss" had been added.—Charley had scratched the addition over with strokes from a pen, but the word was distinct still.

"The river must be dragged, Diggs," said Hamish Channing.

"The drags are being got ready now, sir. They'll be in, by the time I get back."

Hamish strode to the door. Tom came up from his desk, showing some agitation, and looked at the master. "You will allow me to go, sir? I can do no good at my lessons in this suspense."

"Yes," replied the master. He was going himself.

The school rose with one accord. The under masters rose. To think of study in this excitement was futile; and, in defiance of all precedent, the boys were allowed to quit the room, and troop down to the river. It was a race which should get there first; masters and boys ran together. The only one who walked pretty soberly was the head master. He had to uphold his dignity.

The drags were already in the river, and the banks were lined; police, friends, spectators, gentlemen, mob, and college boys jostled each other. Arthur Channing, pale and agitated, came running from his home. The old vergers and bedesmen came; some of the clergy came; Judy came; and the Dean came. Hamish, outwardly self-possessed, and giving his orders with quiet authority, was inwardly troubled as he had never been. The boy had been left to his charge, and how should he answer for this to his father and mother?

He went in and saw the old woman; as did the renowned Mr. Butterby, who had appeared with the rest. She related to them succinctly what she had heard on the previous night. "I could ha' told without having heard it now, that it was the steps of a college boy," she said. "I don't listen so often to 'em that I need mistake. He seemed to be coming from the west door o' the cloisters—only that the cloisters be shut at night; so he may have come from round by the front o' the college. Desperate quick he ran, and le'pt down the steps; and a minute after there was the splash and the cry, and the footsteps were heard no more. One might fancy that, in turning the corner to run along the towing-path, he had turned too quick, with too wide a sweep, and so fell over the bank."

"Did you hear no noise afterwards?" questioned Hamish.

"I didn't. I called out, but nobody came nigh to answer it; and then I hid my ears. I was afraid, ye see."

They left the old woman's bedside, and returned to the crowd on the bank. The Dean quietly questioned Hamish about the facts, and shook his head when put into possession of them. "I fear there is little hope," he said.

"Very little. My father and mother's absence makes it the more distressing. I know not, Mr. Dean, how—"

Who was this, pushing vehemently up, to the discomfiture of everybody, elbowing the Dean with as little ceremony as he might have elbowed Ketch, thrusting aside Hamish, and looking down on the river with flashing eyes, with working nostrils? Who should it be but Roland Yorke? for that was his usual way of pushing through a crowd, as you have heard before.

"Is it true?" he gasped. "Is Charles Channing in the water?—sent there through the tricks of the college boys—of Tod?"

"There is little doubt of its truth, Roland," was the answer of Hamish.

Roland said no more. Off went his coat, off went his waistcoat, off went other garments, leaving him nothing but his drawers and his shirt; and in he leaped impetuously, before anybody could stop him, and floundered away in the water, looking after Charles, paying no heed to the shouts that the drags would get hold of his legs.

* * * * *

But neither drags nor Roland could find Charles. The drags were continued in use, but there was no result. Very few had expected that there would be any result, the probability being that the current had carried the body down the stream. Hamish had been home to soothe the grief of his sisters—or rather to essay at soothing it—and then he came back again.

Roland, his ardor cooled, had likewise been home to exchange his wet clothes for dry ones. This done, he was flying out again, when he came upon the Reverend William Yorke, who was hastening down to the scene in some agitation.

"Is the boy found, Roland, do you know? How did it happen? Did he fall in?"

"Considering the light in which you regard the family, William Yorke, I wonder you should waste your breath to ask about it," was Roland's touchy answer, delivered with as much scorn as he could call up.

Mr. Yorke said no more, only quickened his pace towards the river. Roland kept up with him, and continued talking.

"It's a good thing all the world's not of your opinion, William Yorke! You thought to put a slight upon Constance Channing when you told her she might go along for you. It has turned out just the best luck that could have happened to her."

"Be silent, sir," said Mr. Yorke, his pale cheek flushing scarlet. "I have already told you that I will not permit you to use Miss Channing's name to me. You have nothing, to do with her or with me."

"*You* have nothing to do with her, at any rate," cried aggravating Roland. "She'll soon belong to your betters, William Yorke."

Mr. Yorke turned his flashing eye upon him, plainly asking the explanation that he would not condescend to ask in words. It gave Roland an advantage, and he went on swimmingly with his mischief.

"Lord Carrick has seen the merits of Constance, if you have not; and—I don't mind telling it you in confidence—has resolved to make her his wife. He says she's the prettiest girl he has seen for ages."

"It is not true," said Mr. Yorke, haughtily.

"Not true!" returned Roland. "You'll see whether it's true or not when she's Countess of Carrick. Lady Augusta was present when he made her the offer. He was half afraid to make it for some time, he told us, as he was getting on in years, and had gray hair. Hallos! you are turning yellow, William Yorke. She *can't* be anything to you! You threw her away, you know."

William Yorke, vouchsafing no reply, got away from his tormentor. He probably did look yellow; certainly he felt so. Roland indulged in a quiet laugh. He had been waiting for this opportunity ever since he became cognizant of what had taken place between the earl and Constance. The earl had made no secret of his intention and its defeat.

"I'll have some fun over it with Mr. William," had been Roland's thought.

A sudden noise. Cries and shouts on the banks of the river, and the dense crowd moved and swayed about with excitement. Mr. Yorke and Roland set off to run, each from his different point, and the cries took a distinct sound as they neared them.

"They have found the body!"

It was being laid then upon the bank.—Those who could get near, tried to obtain a glimpse of it. The college boys, with white faces and terror-stricken consciences, fought for a place: Roland Yorke fought for it; the head master fought for it; I am not sure that the bishop—who had seen the commotion from his palace windows, and came up to know what it meant—did not fight for it.

A false alarm, so far as their present object was concerned. A little lad, who had been drowned more than a week before, had turned up now. He had incautiously climbed on the parapet of the bridge, whence he fell into the water, and their search for him had hitherto been fruitless. He was not a pleasant sight to look upon as he lay there; but the relief to certain of the college boys, when they found it was not Charles, was immeasurable. Bywater's spirits went up to some of their old impudence-heat.

"In looking for one thing, you find another," quoth he.

"Very true, Mr. Bywater! Sometimes we find more than we bargain for. The drags were thrown in again, and the excited crowd jostled each other as before, their faces hanging over the brink. Hush! Hark! Another prize! What is coming up now?

A rare prize this time! The drags pulled and tugged, and the men cried,—"Heave-ho!" and the hundred and one voices echoed it:—"Heave-ho! heave-ho!" Hush! Hush—sh—sh! A breathless minute of suspense, and up it comes. Amid straw and tangled weeds and mud, and the odds and ends that a river's waters will collect, something hard and clanking was thrown upon the bank, and wondering eyes and faces peered over it.

Nothing but a pair of keys. A pair of large rusty keys, tied together by a string.—Bywater and Hurst, and young Galloway, and one or two more, cast significant glances together, and were nearly choking with fright and suppressed laughter. One standing there, conspicuous for his dress, which, among other items, comprised an apron, turned a significant glance on *them*. Bold Bywater met it, and looked a little less bold than usual. But the prelate had kept counsel, and meant to keep it; and he looked away again.

Once more were the drags thrown into the water. Once more the mob, gentle and simple, hustled on its brink. When the college bell tolled out for morning prayers, those whose duty it was to attend the cathedral, drew themselves away unwillingly. Arthur Channing was one. Whatever might be his grief, his suspense, obligations must be fulfilled.

Later in the day, when the search was over—for it was deemed useless to continue it—and when hope was over, a council was held at Mr. Channing's house. Mr. and Mrs. Channing must be made acquainted with this sad business; but how was it to be done?—By letter?—by telegraph?—or by a special messenger? Constance had suggested writing, and silently hoped that Hamish would take the task upon himself, for she felt nearly unequal to it in her dire distress. Mr. Galloway, who had been in and out all the morning, suggested the telegraph. Hamish approved of neither, but proposed to dispatch Arthur, to make the communication in person.

"I cannot leave Helstonleigh myself," he said; "therefore it must devolve upon Arthur. Of course, his journey will be an expense, but there are times when expense must not be regarded. I consider this one."

"A letter would go quicker," said Mr. Galloway.

"Scarcely, in these days of fast travelling," was the reply of Hamish. "But that is not the question. A letter, let it be ever so explanatory, will only put them in suspense.—

As soon as they have read it, five hundred questions will suggest themselves that they will wish to ask; and, to wait to have them satisfied, will be intolerable, especially to my mother. Arthur's going will obviate this. He knows as much as we know, and can impart his knowledge to them."

"There is a great deal in what you say," mused Mr. Galloway.

"I am sure there is," spoke Constance through her tears, "though it did not strike me previously. In mamma's anxiety and suspense, she might start for home, to learn details."

"And I think it is what she would do," said Hamish, "if not my father also. It will be better that Arthur should go. He can tell them all they would learn if they came home; and, so far as it can be, that would be satisfactory."

They were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Huntley and his daughter. Ellen had begged her father, when she found he was going to the Channings', to allow her to accompany him, and see Constance in her distress. Mr. Huntley readily acquiesced. The drowning of poor Charley was a serious affliction, in contemplation of which he forgot the ineligibility of her meeting Hamish.

Hamish did not appear to perceive any ineligibility in the matter. He was the first to take Ellen's hand in his, and bend upon her his sweet smile of welcome. Knowing what Ellen did know of Mr. Huntley's sentiments, and that he was looking on, it rendered her manner confused and her cheeks crimson. She was glad to turn to Constance, and strive to say a few words of sympathy. "Had Harry been one of those wicked, thoughtless boys to join in this ghost trick, I could never have forgiven him!" she impulsively exclaimed, the hot tears running down her cheeks.

The subject under consideration was referred to Mr. Huntley, and his opinion requested: more as a form of courtesy than anything, for Hamish had made up his mind upon the point. A thoroughly affectionate, dutiful son was Hamish Channing; and he believed that the tidings could be rendered more bearable to his father and mother by a messenger being sent, than they could be by any other mode of communication. The excuse that Constance and Arthur had, throughout, found for Hamish in their hearts was, that he had taken the bank-note, out of latent affection to Mr. and Mrs. Channing.

"You are wrong, every one of you," said Mr. Huntley, when he had listened to what they had to say. "You must send neither letter nor messenger. It will not do."

Hamish looked at him.

"Then what can we send, sir?"

"Don't send at all."

"Not send at all?" repeated Hamish.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Huntley. "You have no positive proof yet that the child is dead. It will be alarming them unnecessarily."

"Mr. Huntley!" uttered Constance. "Is it possible that you see grounds for hope?"

"Honestly to confess it, my dear, I do not see much ground for hope," he replied. "But, on the other hand, there are no positive grounds for despair. So long as you have not these grounds furnished, I say, keep it from Mr. and Mrs. Channing. Answer me one thing: What good end would it serve, the telling them?"

"Is it not a duty?"

"I do not see it," said Mr. Huntley. "Were the poor boy's fate known, beyond uncertainty, it would be a different matter. If you send and tell them all there is to tell, what would come of it? The very suspense, the doubt, would have a bad effect. It might bring Mr. Channing home; and the good, already effected, might be driven back again—his time, his purse, his hopes, that he has given to the journey, wasted. Allowing that he still remained, the news might check his cure. No: my strong advice to you is, Suffer them for the present to remain in ignorance."

Hamish began to think that Mr. Huntley might be right.

"I know I am right," said Mr. Huntley. "If the putting them in possession of the facts could be productive of any benefit to themselves, to you, or to Charles, I'd go off myself with Arthur this hour. But it could effect nothing; and, to them, it might result in ill. Until we know something more certain ourselves, let us keep it from them."

"Yes, I see it," said Hamish warmly. "It will be so."

Constance felt her arm touched, and colored with emotion when she found it was done by the Reverend Mr. Yorke. In this day of distress, people seemed to come in and go out without ceremony. Mr. Yorke had entered with Tom Channing. He entirely took up the new view of the matter, and strongly advised that it should not be allowed to reach Mr. and Mrs. Channing.

Mr. Galloway, when he was departing, beckoned Constance into the hall. It was only to give her a private word of friendly sympathy, of advice—not to be overwhelmed, to cling to hope. She thanked him, but it was with an aching heart, for Constance could not feel this hope.

"Will you grant me the favor of a minute's private interview?" asked Mr. Yorke stiffly, meeting her in the hall.

Constance hesitated for a moment. He was asking what she felt he had no right to ask. She colored, bowed, and stepped towards the drawing-room. Mr. Yorke threw open the door for her, and followed her in.

Then he became agitated. Whatever his pride or his temper may have been, whether the parting between them was his fault or Constance's, it was certain that he loved her with an enduring love. Until that morning he had never contemplated losing Constance; he had surely looked forward to some indefinite future when she should be his; and the words spoken by Roland had well nigh driven him mad. Which was precisely what Mr. Roland hoped they would do.

"I would not speak to you on this day, when you are in distress, when you may deem it an unfitting time for me to speak," he began, "but I *cannot* live in this suspense. Let me confess that what brought me here was to obtain this interview with you, quite as much as this other unhappy business. You will forgive my speaking to-day."

"Mr. Yorke, I do not know what you can have to speak of," she answered, with dignity. "My distress is great, but I can hear what you wish to say."

"I heard—I heard"—he spoke with emotion, and went plunging abruptly into his subject—"I heard this morning that Lord Carrick was soliciting you to become his wife."

Constance could have laughed, but for her own distress, agitated though he was.

"Well, sir?" she coldly said, in a little spirit of mischief.

"Constance, you cannot do it," he passionately retorted. "You cannot so perjure yourself!"

"Mr. Yorke! have you the right to tell me I shall or shall not marry Lord Carrick?"

"You can't do it, Constance!" he repeated, laying his hand upon her shoulder, and speaking hoarsely. "You know that your whole affection was given to me! It is mine still; I feel it is. You have not transferred it to another in this short time. You do not love and forget so lightly."

"Is this all you have to say to me?"

"No, it is not all," he answered, with emotion. "I want you to be *my* wife, Constance, not his. I want you to forget this miserable estrangement that has come between us, and come home to me at Hazledon."

"Listen, Mr. Yorke," she said; but it was with the utmost difficulty she retained her indifferent manner, and kept her tears from falling; she would have liked to be taken to his sheltering arms, never to have quitted them. "The cause which led to our parting was that suspicion that fell upon Arthur, coupled with something that you were not pleased with in my own manner, relating to it. That suspicion is upon him still, and my course of conduct would be precisely the same, were it to come over again. I am sorry you should have reaped up this matter, for it can only end as it did before."

"Will you not marry me?" he resumed.

"No. So long as circumstances look dark on my brother."

"Constance! that may be for ever!"

"Yes," she sadly answered, knowing what she did know; "they may never be brighter than they are now. Were I tempted to become your wife, you might reproach me afterwards for allying you to disgrace; and that, I think, would kill me. I *beg* you not to speak of this again."

"And you refuse me for Lord Carrick! You will go and marry him!" exclaimed Mr. Yorke, struggling between reproach, affection, and temper.

"You must allow me to repeat that you have no right to question me," she said, moving to the door. "When our engagement was forfeited, that right was forfeited with it."

She opened the door to quit the room. Mr. Yorke might have wished further to detain her, but Judy came bustling up.

"Lady Augusta's here, Miss Constance."

Lady Augusta Yorke met Constance in the hall, seizing both her hands.

"I had a bad headache, and lay in bed, and never heard of it till an hour ago!" she uttered, with the same sort of impulsive kindness that sometimes actuated Roland. "Is it true that he is drowned? Is it true Tod was in it?—Gerald says he was. William, are you here?"

Constance took Lady Augusta into the general sitting-room, into the presence of the rest of her guests. Lady Augusta asked a hundred questions, at the least; and they made her acquainted with the different points, so far as they were cognizant of them. She declared that Tod should be kept upon bread and water for a week, and she would go to the school and request Mr. Pye to flog him. She overwhelmed Constance with kindness, wishing she and Annabel would come to her house and remain entirely for a few days. Constance thanked her, and found some difficulty in being allowed to refuse.

"Here is his exercise book," observed Constance, the tears filling her eyes; "here is the very place where he laid his pen. Every other minute I think it cannot be true that he is gone—that it must be all a dream."

Lady Augusta took up the pen and kissed it: it was her way of showing sympathy. Mr. Huntley smiled. "Where's William gone?" asked Lady Augusta.

The Reverend William Yorke had quitted the house, shaking the dust from his shoes, in anger, as he crossed the threshold. Anger as much at himself, for having ever given her up, as at Constance Channing; and still most at the Right Honorable the Earl of Carrick.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MR. JENKINS IN A DILEMMA.

I don't know what you will say to me for introducing you into the privacy of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins's bed chamber, but it is really necessary. We cannot very well get along without it.

A conjugal dispute had occurred that morning when Mrs. Jenkins got up. She was an early riser, as was Jenkins also, in a general way; but since his illness, he had barely contrived to get down in time for breakfast. On this morning—which was not the one following the application of mustard to his chest, but one about a week subsequent to that medicinal operation—Mrs. Jenkins, upon preparing to descend, peremptorily ordered him to remain in bed. Nothing need be recorded of the past week, save two facts: Charles Channing had not been discovered, either in life or in death; and the Earl of Carrick had terminated his visit and left Helstonleigh.

"I'll bring your breakfast up," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"It is of no use to say that," Jenkins ventured meekly to remonstrate. "You know I must get up."

"I say you shall not get up. Here you are, growing weaker and worse every day, and yet you won't take care of yourself! Where's the use of your taking a bottle a day of cough mixture—where's the use of your making the market scarce of cod-liver oil—where's the use of wasting good mustard, if it's all to do you no good? *Does* it do you any good?"

"I am afraid it has not, as yet," confessed Jenkins.

"And never will, so long as you give your body and brains no rest. Out you go by nine o'clock, in all weathers, ill or well, and there you are at your business till evening; stooping yourself double over the writing, dancing abroad on errands, wearing out your lungs with answering callers! There's no common sense in it."

"But, my dear, the office must be attended to," said Jenkins, with much deference.

"There's no 'must' in the case, as far as you are concerned. If I say you shan't go to it, why, you shan't. What's the office, pray, in comparison with a man's life?"

"But I am not so ill as to remain away. I can go yet, and do my work."

"You'd be for going if you were in your coffin, you would!" was Mrs. Jenkins's wrathful answer. "Could you do any good then, pray?"

"But I am not in my coffin," mildly suggested Jenkins.

"Don't I say you'd be for going if you were?" reiterated Mrs. Jenkins, who sometimes, in her heat, lost sight of the precise point under dispute. "You know you would! you know there's nothing in the whole world that you think of, but that office! Office—office—office, it is with you from morning till night. When you *are* in your coffin, though it, you'll be satisfied."

"But it is my duty to go as long as I can, my dear."

"It's my duty to do a many things that I don't do!" was the answer; "and one of my duties which I haven't done yet, is to keep you in-doors for a bit, and nurse you up. I shall begin it from to-day, and see if I can't get you well in that way."

"But—"

"Hold your tongue, Jenkins. I never say a thing but you are sure to put in a 'but.' You lie in bed this morning—do you hear?—and I'll bring up your breakfast."

Mrs. Jenkins quitted the room with the last order, and that ended the discussion. Had Jenkins been a free agent—free from business obligations—he had been only too glad to obey her. In his present state of health the work of the office had become almost too much for him; it was with difficulty that he went to it and did his duty there. Even the walk, short as it was, in the early morning, was nearly beyond his strength; even the rising betimes was beginning to tell upon him. And though he had little hope that nursing himself up in-doors would prove of essential service, he felt that the *rest* it brought would be to him an inestimable boon.

But Jenkins was one who thought of duty before he thought of himself; and, therefore, to remain away from the office, if he *could* drag himself to it, appeared to him little less than a sin. He was paid for his time and services—fairly paid—liberally paid, some might have said—and they belonged to his master. But it was not so much from this point of view that Jenkins regarded the necessity of going—conscientious though he was—as at the thought of what the office would do without him, there being nobody to replace him but Roland Yorke. Jenkins knew what he was, and so do we.

To lie in bed, or remain in-doors, under these circumstances, Jenkins felt to be impossible; and when his watch gave him warning that the breakfast hour was approaching, up he got. Behold him sitting on the side of the bed, essaying to dress himself—*essaying* to do it. Never had Jenkins felt feebler and weaker, or less able to cope with his increasing illness, than on this morning; and when Mrs. Jenkins dashed in—for her quick eyes had caught, down-stairs, the sounds of his stirring—he sat there still, stockings in hand, unable to help himself.

"So you were going to trick me, were you! Are you not ashamed of yourself, Jenkins?"

Jenkins gasped twice before he could reply. A giddiness seemed to be stealing over him, as it had done that other evening, underneath the elm trees. "My dear, it is of no use your talking; I *must* go to the office," he gasped out.

"You shan't go—if I lock you up! There!"

Jenkins was spared the trouble of a reply. The giddiness had increased to faintness, his sight left him, and he fell back on the bed in a state of unconsciousness. Mrs. Jenkins rather regarded it as a triumph. She pushed him into bed, and tucked him up.

"This comes of your attempting to disobey me!" said she, when he came round again. "I wonder what would become of you, poor, soft mortals of men, if you were let have your own way! There's no office for you to-day, Jenkins."

Very peremptorily spoke she. But, lest he should attempt the same again, she determined to put it out of his power. Opening a closet, she thrust every article of his clothing into it, not leaving him so much as a waistcoat, turned the key, and put it in her pocket; poor Jenkins watching her with despairing eyes, and not venturing to remonstrate.

"There," said she, speaking amiably in her glow of satisfaction, "you can go to the office now, if you like. I'll not stop you; but you will have to march through the streets leaving your clothes in that closet."

Under these difficulties Jenkins did not entirely see his way clear to get there. Mrs. Jenkins went instead, catching Mr. Roland Yorke just upon his arrival.

"What's up, that Jenkins is not here?" began free Roland, before she could speak.

"Jenkins is not in a fit state to get out of his bed, and I have come to tell Mr. Galloway so," replied she.

Roland Yorke's face grew to twice its usual length at the news. "I say, though, that will never do, Mrs. Jenkins! What's to become of this office?"

"The office must do the best it can without him. *He's* not coming to it."

"*I* can't manage it," said Roland, in considerable consternation. "I should go dead, if I had to do Jenkins's work, and my own as well."

"He'll go dead, unless he takes some rest in time, and gets a little good nursing. I should like to know how I am to nurse him, if he's down here all day?"

"That's not the question," returned Roland, feeling uncommonly blank. "The question is, how the office, and I, and Galloway are to get along without him? Couldn't he come in a sedan?"

"Yes, he can; if he likes to come without his clothes," retorted Mrs. Jenkins. "I have taken care to lock *them* up."

"Locked his clothes up!" repeated Roland, in wonder. "What's that for?"

"Because, as long as he has got a bit of life in him, he'll use it to drag himself down here," answered Mrs. Jenkins, tartly. "That's why. He was getting up to come this morning, defying me, and every word I said to him against it, when he fell down on the bed in a fainting fit. I thought it time to lock his things up then."

"Upon my word, I don't know what's to be done," resumed Roland, growing quite hot with dismay and perplexity at the prospect of some extra work for himself. "Look here!" exhibiting the parchments on Jenkins's desk, all so neatly left—"here's an array! Jenkins did not intend to stay away, when he left those last night, I know."

"*He* intend to stay away! catch him thinking of it!" retorted Mrs. Jenkins. "It is as I have just told him—that he'd come in his coffin. And it's my firm belief that if he knew a week's holiday would save him from his coffin, he'd not take it, unless I was at his back to make him. It's well he has got somebody to look after him that's not quite deficient of common sense!"

"Well, this a plague!" grumbled Roland.

"So it is—for me, I know, if for nobody else," was Mrs. Jenkins's reply. "But there's some plagues in the world that we must put up with, and make the best of, whether we like 'em or not; and this is one. You'll tell Mr. Galloway, please; it will save me waiting."

However, as Mrs. Jenkins was departing, she encountered Mr. Galloway, and told him herself. He was both vexed and grieved to hear it; grieved on Jenkins's score, vexed on his own. That Jenkins was growing very ill, he believed from his own observation, and it could not have happened at a more untoward time. Involuntarily, Mr. Galloway's thoughts turned to Arthur Channing, and he wished he had him in the office still.

"You must turn over a new leaf from this very hour, Roland Yorke," he observed to that gentleman, when he entered. "We must both of us buckle-to, if we are to get through the work."

"It's not possible, sir, that I can do Jenkins's share and mine," said Roland.

"If you only do Jenkins's, I'll do yours," replied Mr. Galloway, significantly. "Understand me, Roland; I shall expect you to show yourself equal to this emergency. Put aside frivolity and idleness, and apply yourself in earnest. Jenkins has been in the habit of taking part of your work upon himself, like I believe no clerk living would have done; and, in return, you must now take his. I hope in a few days he may be with us again. Poor fellow, we shall find his loss!"

Mr. Galloway had to go out in the course of the morning, and Roland was left alone to the cares and work of the office. It occurred to him that, as a preliminary step, he could not do better than put the window open, that the sight of people passing (especially any of his acquaintance with whom he might exchange greetings) should cheer him on at his hard work. Accordingly, he threw it up to its utmost extent, and went on with his writing, giving alternately one look to his task, and two to the street. Not many minutes had he been thus spurring on his industry, when he saw Arthur Channing pass.

"Hist—st—st!" called out Roland, by way of attracting his attention. "Come in, old fellow, will you? Here's such a game!"

CHAPTER XLV.

A NEW SUSPICION.

Arthur Channing was walking leisurely down Close street. His time hung heavily upon his hands. In quitting the cathedral after morning service he had joined Mr. Harper, the lay clerk, and went with him, talking, towards the town; partly because he had nothing to do elsewhere—partly because out of doors appeared more desirable than home. In the uncertain state of suspense they were kept in respecting Charles, the minds of all, from Hamish down to Annabel, were in a constant state of unrest. When they rose in the morning the first thought was—"Shall we hear of Charles to-day?"—When they retired at bedtime, it was—"What may not the river give up this night?" It appeared to themselves that they were continually expecting tidings of some sort or other; and with this expectation hope would sometimes be mingled. Hope! where could it spring from? The only faint suspicion of it, indulged at first, that Charley had been rescued in some providential manner, and conveyed to a house of shelter, had had time to die out. A few houses there were, half-concealed near the river, like there are near most other rivers of traffic, which the police trusted just as far as they could see, and whose inmates did not boast of shining reputations; but the police had overhauled these thoroughly, and found no trace of Charley. Nor was it likely that they would conceal a child. So long as Charles's positive fate remained a mystery, suspense could not cease; and with this suspense there did mingle some faint glimmer of hope. Suspense urges to exertion; inaction is intolerable to it. Hamish, Arthur, Tom, all would rather be out of doors now than in; there might be something to be heard of, some information to be met, and the looking after it was better than the staying at home to wait for it. No wonder, then, that Arthur Channing's steps would bend of their own accord towards the town, when he left the cathedral morning and afternoon.

In passing Mr. Galloway's office, the window of which stood wide open, Arthur had found himself called to by Roland Yorke.

"What is it?" he asked, halting at the window.

"You are the very chap I wanted to see," cried out Roland. "Come in! Don't be afraid of meeting Galloway; he's off somewhere."

The prospect of meeting Mr. Galloway would not have prevented Arthur from entering. He was conscious of no wrong, and he did not shrink as though he had committed it. He went in, and Mr. Harper proceeded on his way.

"Here's a go!" was Roland's salutation.—"Jenkins is laid up."

It was nothing but what Arthur had expected. He, like Mr. Galloway, had observed Jenkins growing ill and more ill.

"How shall you manage without him?" asked Arthur; Mr. Galloway's dilemma being the first thing that occurred to his mind.

"Do you know?" answered Roland, who was in an explosive temper; "*I* don't. If Galloway thinks to put it all upon my back, it's a scandalous shame! I never could do it, or the half of it. Jenkins worked like a horse when we were busy. He'd hang his head down over his desk, and never lift it for two hours at a stretch!—you know he would not. Fancy my doing that! I should get brain fever before a week was out."

Arthur smiled at this.

"Is Jenkins much worse?" he inquired.

"I don't believe he's worse at all," returned Roland, tartly. "He'd have come this morning as usual, fast enough, only she locked up his clothes."

"Who?" said Arthur, in surprise.

"She. That agreeable lady who has the felicity of owning Jenkins. She was here this morning as large as life, giving an account of her doings, without a blush. She locked up his things, she says, to keep him in bed. I'd trick her, I know, were I Jenkins. I'd put on her flounces, but what I'd come out if I wanted to. Rather strange they'd be for him."

"I shall go, Roland. My being here only hinders you."

"As if that made any difference worth counting! Look here!—piles and piles of parchment! I and Galloway could never get through them, hindered or not hindered. *I* am not going to work over hours! *I* won't kill myself with labor! There's Port Natal, thank goodness, if the screw does get put upon me too much!"

Arthur made no reply. It made little difference to Roland; whether encouraged or not, talk he would.

"I *have* heard of folks being worked beyond their strength; and that will be my case if one may judge by present appearances. It's too bad of Jenkins!"

Arthur spoke up; he did not like to hear blame, even from Roland Yorke, cast upon hard-working, patient Jenkins.

"You should not say it, Roland. It is not Jenkins's fault."

"It is his fault. What does he have such a wife for? She keeps Jenkins under her thumb, just as Galloway keeps me. She locked up his clothes, and then told him he might come here without them, if he liked; my belief is, she'll be sending him so, some day.—Jenkins ought to put her down. He's big enough."

"He would be sure to come here, if he were equal to it," said Arthur.

"He! Of course he would!" angrily retorted Roland. "He'd crawl here on all fours, but what he'd come, only she won't let him. She knows it, too. She said this morning that he'd come when he was in his coffin. I should not like to see it arrive!"

Arthur had been casting a glance at the papers. They were unusually numerous, and he began to think with Roland—that he and Mr. Galloway would not be able to get through them unaided. Most certainly they would not, at Roland's present rate of work.

"It is a pity you are not a quick copyist," he said.

"I dare say it is!" sarcastically rejoined Roland, beginning to play at ball with the wafer-box. "I never was made for work; and if—"

"You will have to do it, though, sir," thundered Mr. Galloway, who had come up, and was enjoying a survey of affairs through the open window.

Mr. Roland, somewhat taken to, dropped his head and the wafer-box together, and went on with his writing as meekly as poor Jenkins could have done; and Mr. Galloway entered.

"Good-day," said he to Arthur, shortly enough.

"Good-day, sir," was the response.

Mr. Galloway turned to his idle clerk.

"Roland Yorke, you must either work, or say you will not. There is no time for playing and fooling; no time, sir! do you hear? Who put that window stark staring open?"

"I did, sir," said incorrigible Roland. "I thought the office might be a little better for a little air, when there was so much to do in it."

Mr. Galloway shut it with a bang. Arthur, who would not leave without some attempt at a passing courtesy, let it be ever so slight, made a remark to Mr. Galloway that he was sorry to hear Jenkins was worse.

"He is so much worse," was the response of Mr. Galloway, spoken sharply, for the edification of Roland Yorke, "that I doubt whether he will ever enter this room again. Yes, sir, you may look; but it is the truth."

Roland did look, looked with considerable consternation.

"How on earth will the work get done, then?" he uttered.

With all his grumbling, he had not contemplated Jenkins being away more than a day or two.

"I do not know how it will get done, considering that the clerk upon whom I have to depend is Roland Yorke," answered Mr. Galloway, with severity. "One thing appears pretty evident, that Jenkins will not be able to help to do it."

Mr. Galloway, more perplexed at the news brought by Mrs. Jenkins than he had let appear (for, although he chose to make a show of depending upon Roland, he knew how much dependence there was in reality to be placed upon him—none better), had deemed it advisable to see Jenkins personally, and judge for himself of his state of health. Accordingly, he proceeded thither, and arrived at an inopportune moment for his hopes. Jenkins was just recovering from a second fainting fit, and he appeared altogether so ill, so debilitated, that Mr. Galloway was struck with dismay. There would be no more work from Jenkins—as he believed—for him. He mentioned this now in his own office, and Roland received it with blank consternation.

An impulse came to Arthur, and he spoke upon it.

"If I can do you any good, sir, in this emergency, you have only to command me."

"What sort of good?" asked Mr. Galloway.

Arthur pointed to the parchments.

"I could draw out these deeds, and any others that may follow them. My time is my own, sir, save the two hours devoted to the cathedral, and I am at a loss how to occupy it. I have been idle ever since I left you."

"Why don't you *get* into an office?" said Mr. Galloway.

Arthur's color deepened.

"Because, sir, nobody will take me."

"Ah!" said Mr. Galloway, dryly, "a good name is easier lost than gained."

"Yes, it is," freely replied Arthur. "However, sir, to return to the question. I shall be glad to help you, if you have no one better at hand. I could devote several hours a day to it, and you know that I am thoroughly competent to be trusted with the work. I might take some home now."

"Home!" returned Mr. Galloway. "Did you mean that you could do it at home?"

"Certainly, sir. I did not think of doing it here," was the pointed reply of Arthur. "I can do it at home just as well as I could here; perhaps better, for I should shut myself up alone, and there would be nothing to interrupt me, or to draw off my attention."

It cannot be denied that this was a most welcome proposition to Mr. Galloway; indeed, his thoughts had turned to Arthur at the first. Arthur would be far preferable to a strange clerk, looked for and brought in on the spur of the moment—one who might answer well or answer ill, according to chance. Yet that must have been his resource, Mr. Galloway knew.

"It will be an accommodation to me, your taking part of the work," he frankly said; "but you had better come to the office and do it."

"No, sir, I would rather—"

"Do, Channing!" cried out Roland Yorke, springing up as if he were electrified; "the office will be bearable if you come back again."

"I would prefer to do it at home, sir," continued Arthur to Mr. Galloway, while that gentleman pointed imperiously to Yorke, as a hint to him to hold his tongue and mind his own business.

"You may *come* back here and do it," said Mr. Galloway.

"Thank you, I cannot come back," was the reply of Arthur.

"Of course you can't!" said angry Roland, who cared less for Mr. Galloway's displeasure than he did for displaying his own feelings when they were aroused. "You won't, you mean! I'd not show myself such a duff as you, Channing, if I were paid in gold to do it!"

"You'll get paid in something presently, Roland Yorke, but it won't be in gold!" reproved Mr. Galloway. "You will do a full day's work to-day, sir, if you stop here till twelve o'clock at night."

"Oh, of course I look out to do that, sir," retorted Roland, in a fume. "Considering what's before me, on this desk and on Jenkins's, there's little prospect of my getting home on this side four in the morning. They needn't sit up for me; I can go in with the milk. I wonder who invented writing? I wish I had the fingering of him just now!"

Arthur turned to the parchments. He was nearly as much at home with them as Jenkins. Mr. Galloway selected two that were most pressing, and gave them to him, with the requisite materials for copying.

"You will keep them secure, you know," he remarked.

"Perfectly so, sir; I shall sit quite alone."

He carried them off with alacrity. Mr. Galloway's face cleared as he looked after him, and he made a remark aloud expressive of his satisfaction.

"There's some pleasure in giving out work when you know it will be done. No play—no dilatoriness—finished to the minute that it's looked for! You should take a leaf out of his book, Yorke."

"Yes, sir," freely answered Roland. "When you drove Arthur Channing out of this office, you parted with the best clerk you ever had. Jenkins is all very well for work, but he is nothing but a muff in other things. Arthur's a gentleman, and he'd have served you well, Jenkins himself says so. He is honorable, he is honest, he—"

"I know enough of your sentiments with respect to his honesty," interrupted Mr. Galloway. "We need not go over that tale again."

"I hope everybody knows them," rejoined Roland. "I have never concealed my opinion that the accusation was infamous; that, of all of us in this office, from its head down to Jenkins, none was less likely to finger the

note than Arthur Channing. But, of course, my opinion goes for nothing."

"You are bold, young man."

"I fear it is my nature to be so, sir," cried free Roland. "If it ever should turn up how the note went, you'll be sorry, no doubt, for having visited it upon Arthur. Mr. Channing will be sorry; the precious magistrates will be sorry; that blessed dean, that wanted to turn him from the college, will be sorry; not a soul of them but believes him guilty: and I hope they'll be brought to repentance for it in sackcloth and ashes."

"Go on with your work," said Mr. Galloway, angrily.

Roland made a show of obeying; but his tongue was like a steam-engine: once set going, it couldn't readily be stopped; and he presently looked up again.

"I am not uncharitable; at least, to individuals. I always said the post-office helped itself to the note, and I'd lay my last half-crown upon it. But there *are* people in the town who think it could only have gone in another way. You'd go into a passion with me, sir, perhaps, if I mentioned it."

Mr. Galloway—it has been before mentioned that he possessed an unbounded amount of curiosity, and also a propensity to gossip—so far forgot the force of good example as to ask Roland what he meant. Roland wanted no better encouragement.

"Well, sir, there are people who, weighing well all the probabilities of the case, have come to the conclusion that the note could only have been abstracted from the letter by the person to whom it was addressed. None but he broke the seal of it."

"Do you allude to my cousin, Mr. Robert Galloway?" ejaculated Mr. Galloway as soon as indignation and breath allowed him to speak.

"Others do," said Roland. "I say it was the post-office."

"How dare you repeat so insolent a suspicion to my face, Roland Yorke?"

"I said I should catch it!" cried Roland, speaking partly to himself. "I am sure to get in for it, one way or another, do what I will. It's not my fault, sir, if I have heard it spoken in the town."

"Apply yourself to your work, sir, and hold your tongue. If you say another word, Roland Yorke, I shall feel inclined also to turn you away, as one idle and incorrigible, of whom nothing can be made."

"Wouldn't it be a jovial excuse for Port Natal!" exclaimed Roland, but not in the hearing of his master, who had gone into his own room in much wrath. Roland laughed aloud; there was nothing he enjoyed so much as to be in opposition to Mr. Galloway; it had been better for the advancement of that gentleman's work, had he habitually kept a tighter reign over his pupil. It was perfectly true, however, that the new phase of suspicion, regarding the loss of the note, had been spoken in the town, and Roland only repeated what he had heard.

Apparently, Mr. Galloway did not like this gratuitous suggestion. He presently came back again. A paper was in his hand, and he began comparing it with one on Roland's desk.

"Where did you hear that unjustifiable piece of scandal?" he inquired, as he was doing it.

"The first person I heard speak of it was my mother, sir. She came home one day from calling upon people, and said she had heard it somewhere. And it was talked of at Knivett's last night. He had a bachelors' party, and the subject was brought up. Some of us ridiculed the notion; others thought it might have grounds."

"And pray, which did you favor?" sarcastically asked Mr. Galloway.

"I! I said then, as I have said all along, that there was nobody to thank for it but the post-office. If you ask me, sir, who first set the notion afloat in the town, I cannot satisfy you. All I know is, the rumor is circulating."

"If I could discover the primary author of it, I would take legal steps to punish him," warmly concluded Mr. Galloway.

"I'd help," said undaunted Roland. "Some fun might arise out of that."

Mr. Galloway carried the probate of a will to his room, and sat down to examine it. But his thoughts were elsewhere. This suspicion, mentioned by Roland Yorke, had laid hold of his mind most unpleasantly, in spite of his show of indignation before Roland. He had no cause to deem his cousin otherwise than honest; it was next to impossible to suppose he could be guilty of playing him such a trick; but somehow Mr. Galloway could not feel so sure upon the point as he would have wished. His cousin was a needy man—one who had made ducks and drakes of his own property, and was for ever appealing to Mr. Galloway for assistance. Mr. Galloway did not shut his eyes to the fact that, if this *should* have been the case, Robert Galloway had had forty pounds from him instead of twenty—a great help to a man at his wits' end for money. He had forwarded a second £20 note, upon receiving information of the loss of the first.

What he most disliked, looking at it from this point of view, was, not the feeling that he had been cleverly deceived and laughed at, but that Arthur Channing should have suffered unjustly. If the lad *was* innocent, why, how cruel had been his own conduct towards him! But with these doubts came back the remembrance of Arthur's unsatisfactory behavior with respect to the loss; his non-denial; his apparent guilt; his strange shrinking from investigation. Busy as Mr. Galloway was, that day, he could not confine his thoughts to his business; he would willingly have given another £20 note out of his pocket to know, beyond doubt, whether or not Arthur was guilty.

Arthur, meanwhile, had commenced his task. He took possession of the study, where he was secure from interruption, and applied himself diligently to it. How still the house seemed! How still it had seemed since the loss of Charles! Even Annabel and Tom were wont to hush their voices; ever listening, as it were, for tidings to be brought of him. Save the two servants, Arthur was alone in it. Hamish was abroad, at his office; Constance and Annabel were at Lady Augusta's; Tom was in the school; and Charles was not. Judith's voice would be heard now and then, rising from the kitchen regions, in direction or reproof to Sarah; but there was no other sound. Arthur thought of the old days when the sun had shone, when he was free and upright in the sight of men; when Constance was happy in her future prospects of wedded life; when Tom looked forth certainly to the seniorship; when Charley's sweet voice and sweeter face might be seen and heard; when Hamish—oh, bitter thought of all!—when Hamish had not fallen from his pedestal. It had all changed—changed to darkness and to gloom; and Arthur may be pardoned for feeling gloomy with it. But, in the very midst of this gloom, there arose suddenly, without effort of his, certain words spoken by the consoling singer of Israel; and Arthur *knew* that he had but to trust them:—

"For his wrath endureth but the twinkling of an eye, and in his pleasure is life; heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

GEN. BUELL, with 60,000 troops, is reported at Guntown, in hot pursuit of Gen. Polk. Railroad bridges between Corinth and Grand Junction are being repaired. Corinth is being made habitable for 6,000 of our troops, to be stationed there. Twenty thousand men under Gens. McClernand and Wallace are at Purdy.

OFFICE SEEKERS WANTED.—New London, Conn., is a city in which the office of Mayor does not pay, as it usually costs about $1,000 more than the regular salary. Consequently, at a recent caucus in that city, about a dozen candidates were nominated, who, being present, immediately rose and declined. Finally, they nominated Courtland Starr, who, being absent, could not decline, and the meeting immediately adjourned, for fear he would come in and do so.

A NEW NAME.—The Nashville Union calls the rebel league "The Great Southern Skedaddleracy."

GEN. FREMONT established his headquarters at Port Republic on the 9th. In the action of the previous day, our loss was about 125 killed and 500 wounded. The enemy continued his retreat, leaving 200 dead on the field. Our troops continued pursuing Jackson.

CAPT. BONAPARTE PATTERSON is in high favor with the Emperor. His name is mentioned in connection with the throne or presidency of Mexico.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.—Mrs. Lincoln is now in the daily habit of visiting the hospitals in the District, which are full to overflowing with our suffering soldiers. Kind words, beautiful flowers, and creature comforts she dispenses with liberality, and many a poor soldier has returned her kindness with his heartfelt blessing.—*Cor. Journal of Commerce.*

THE citizens of Nashville, to the number of 2,000, reported themselves, armed and equipped, to the Provost Marshal, the evening of the fight, to prevent the destruction of property by the mob, which it seems they feared more than the Unionists.

THE Navy Department has advices that the Confederates have lately purchased in England two of the fastest steamers there built, under guarantees as to speed, and have put them in commission as privateers, with a view to intercept and capture our Panama steamers returning with California treasure.—*N. Y. Express.*

EMIGRATION TO THE WEST.—Emigration from all parts of the East is now flooding the plains. From Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, a continual stream of fortune-hunters and Western home-seekers is pouring up the Platte. Their destination is about equally divided between Colorado, California, and Washoe, and the Salmon river, the smaller number being bound for the latter place.—*Colorado Republican.*

ELECTRICITY IN WAR.—The Courier du Havre has the following:—"An inhabitant of La Rochelle, after ten years' research, has discovered a new application of the electric power, by which the whole broadside of a man-of-war can be instantaneously concentrated upon a given point. No iron-plating or shield, however thick, would be able to resist a converging fire of the kind. The inventor has communicated his discovery to the Emperor, and has received from his Majesty a flattering letter, accompanied by the Cross of the Legion of Honor."

THE navy of the Mississippi river will soon number about 100 war vessels, consisting of gun-boats, mortar-boats and rams.

JOHN BROWN, Jr., has been compelled by a severe attack of rheumatism to resign the command of his company of sharpshooters, now at Leavenworth, Kansas.

A BEGGAR in New Orleans approached a well-dressed citizen and held out his hand for alms. The citizen offered him a confederate note. No, said the poor fellow, taking a mournful survey of his own dilapidated dress, I have too many rags already.

A VERY prolific "pesky" black insect is afflicting the trees and shrubs at Hartford. It is hatched out of eggs laid on the under side of leaves, in quantities absolutely enormous, and curls up the foliage and even the stems and small branches, so as almost to ruin the tree. Cherry trees are in some cases covered with them. Various remedies have been tried without effect. Chloride of lime, it is said, will kill them.

G. H. WOODMAN has been convicted, in California, of kidnapping young Indians. When arrested he had fifteen of them in his possession, and was on his way to the Valley to dispose of them.

RAILROAD FROM CORINTH TO RICHMOND.—We learn from a gentleman who recently passed over the route, that there is direct railroad communication from Richmond, via Atlanta and Mobile, to Memphis and Corinth.—*Louisville Express.*

SIX RAINBOWS AT ONCE.—The editor of the Marquette News, says that just as the force of a recent shower at that place was spent, the sun looked out from behind the clouds, when a brilliant rainbow spanned the heavens, then a second, then a third, a fourth, a fifth, and finally a sixth one; all of them in regular gradation from the inner, which was a mere line, to the outer, which was of great breadth and magnitude. We have never witnessed a more striking exhibition of this phenomenon.

A BOY of fourteen, named Brickford, committed suicide in Waterbury, Conn., a few days ago, by shooting himself with a pistol. Cause—unrequited love for a darling of twelve, who persisted in liking bread-and-butter and her doll better than the amatory juvenile.

HUNTSVILLE (ALA.) COTTON MARKET.—The city is full of cotton buyers to-day. They are purchasing and shipping immense quantities of this staple. If our enterprising tradesmen are doing as well in every other occupied town in the cotton growing region, England's murmurings and the troubles of France must soon cease.—*Huntsville Cor. Cin. Gaz. 30th ult.*

THE DANISH GOVERNMENT OFFERS TO TAKE OUR LIBERATED NEGROES.

Col. Raastoff, Charge d'Affaires of Denmark, has addressed a letter to the Secretary of State upon the advantages offered by the Island of St. Croix for the employment of persons of this country of African extraction, and negroes found on board vessels captured by our cruisers. The island, he says, has been checked in progress for want of manual labor, and he invites the United States to enter into a convention whereby the contemplated emigration may be placed under the protection and guarantee of the two Governments. The Governor of the Danish West Indies has also appointed a special agent, who has arrived in this country, to make the necessary arrangements. Free transportation is offered to all who will engage to labor on the sugar plantations for three years, at the same compensation as is given to the native population. Recaptured Africans, being semi savages, must, however, undergo apprenticeship. Secretary Seward, in replying, says he is not authorized to accept the proposition at this time for a convention. The disposition of recaptured Africans is now prescribed by law. It is probable, however, that Congress may be disposed so to modify the existing legislation upon the subject as to meet the wishes of the Danish Government. He has submitted copies of the correspondence to the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee in each House of Congress.

Col. Raastoff, in response, says the plan he had furnished would be entirely satisfactory from a Christian and humane point of view, and would, moreover, relieve the United States from a great moral responsibility and from the very large expense which, if he was correctly informed, is contracted with the present arrangements for the transfer of the recaptured Africans to the republic of Liberia.

THE YOUNG LADY WHO DECLINED BEING MARRIED.—The *Amide la Religion*, a journal which, from its title might be expected to be scrupulous on the score of veracity, tells the following story, which although in any case it would not be prosecuted as "false news," and may possibly not be true, is good, at least, as a satire upon the system of match making in France. A rich young merchant having met a young lady at an evening party, who pleased him, asked her hand of her father, without saying a word to her. The papa having satisfied himself that the proposed son-in-law was eligible, gave his consent, and informed his daughter that he had found a husband for her, that she must order the wedding dress immediately, and that she would be married in a week. "Very well, papa; but who am I to be married to?" "Oh, a friend of mine; he has gone into the country on business; but you will see him on Sunday." "And the wedding is to be on Monday, papa?" "It's all right, don't make yourself uneasy." On Monday last, May 5, the wedding party appeared before the Mayor of one of the arrondissements of Paris, to celebrate the civil marriage, which is alone the essential legal contract in France. On the Mayor putting the usual question, "Do you consent to take this man to be your wedded husband?" the girl answered, "Why, to tell you the truth, M. Mayor, you are the first person who ever asked me that question." "Well, what do you say?" "Well, if I had been asked before, I should doubtless have said perhaps; but under present circumstances, my answer is, no." The Mayor at once left his chair, and the matter stands over for further consideration.

IMPORTANT MOTION IN CONGRESS RELATIVE TO MR. BENJAMIN WOOD.—On the 11th Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, rose to a question of privilege, and submitted the following resolution, which was read at the Clerk's table:

Whereas, information has been received by the government that Hon. Benjamin Wood, a representative in Congress from the State of New York, and a member of this House, has been engaged in communicating, or attempting to communicate, important intelligence to the confederate rebels in arms against the government of the United States, be it therefore

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the alleged conduct of the said Benjamin Wood in the premises, and to that end the said committee be authorized to send for persons and papers, and examine witnesses under oath, and report to the House.

Mr. Wood said—I hope the resolution will be adopted and the committee appointed, in order to give me an opportunity to vindicate myself. I also desire to thank the government for giving me what they denied to so many others—namely, an opportunity to be heard.

The resolution was adopted.

REBEL PLANS AT WINCHESTER.—A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who was taken prisoner on the retreat of General Banks from Winchester, says that the rebel officers stated that Banks and his whole command was to be captured the next day. Jackson was to be in Maryland on Sunday, where he was to be joined by forty thousand men. Kirby Smith was to be in Hagerstown on Sunday night, and march thence the following day to Frederick, where he would form a junction with Jackson and the Maryland malcontents, and the next day commence a grand movement on Washington and Baltimore simultaneously. And thus were we consoled as we were driven prisoners to Front Royal. The chief objects of Jackson's great movement as I have learned them from the rebel officers, were: 1. To capture supplies. 2. To destroy Banks's command and produce trouble in Maryland; and 3. To make a demonstration on Washington for the purpose of drawing McClellan off from Richmond. In all these objects he totally failed.

SHILOH PRISONERS.—Two of the officers who were captured at Shiloh and taken to Selma, Ala., have been released on parole for forty days, and are now in Washington for the purpose of effecting an exchange. They report the south as one vast plantation of corn and potatoes, only enough cotton growing for seed. They are surprised at the prevailing impression that Gen. Prentiss and command were captured early in the morning of Sunday, and state that the surrender was at precisely 5½ o'clock P. M. of that day. Major Stone, late Judge of the Sixth Judicial District, Iowa, was in command of the 8d Iowa on the extreme right of Hurlburt's division, and next to Prentiss, when the former fell back, his right remained in support of the latter, having fought from 8 A. M. At 3 P. M., on attempting to fall back, Prentiss found himself completely surrounded, not less than four rebel brigades being between him and the river, when the 3d Iowa, Hurlbut's 8th, 12th and 14th Iowa, 38th Illinois, 18th Missouri and 18th Wisconsin regiments surrendered.

MEMPHIS.—The St. Louis *Democrat* has a Corinth dispatch which thus speaks of the feeling at Memphis:—"The people of Memphis have generally acquiesced in the occupation of the city as a military necessity. By the lower classes, the advent of the Unionists is hailed with delight. Not so with the wealthy. They do not hesitate to show by words now utterly they detest the Vandals, as they are pleased to term the Union army."

COST OF CARTES DE VISITE.—In a late law trial in London, wherein Mayall, the celebrated photographer, was interested, a witness made the following statement relative to the cost of making cartes de visites, or, as they call them in England, "Album portraits:"

"The cost of getting up these portraits is 1s 6d (say 37½ cts) per dozen; the wholesale price to the trade from 4s to 8s per dozen; the retail price at many shops being 1s 6d for a single copy, or about 1,000 per cent. profit on the first cost."

This statement refers particularly to the pictures of distinguished public persons, which are made by the dozen or hundred for public sale, but it affords a fair basis for speculation as to the amount of profit on the other branches of photograph manufacturing.

COM. FOOTE is a very religious man, as is well known. Some one says that the rebels, who are feeling his bombs, must think he belongs to the "Hard shell Baptists."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been rather more active this week, but without any material variation in price. Flour has been disposed of, part for export, at $4,31½@4,75 for common northwestern and good winter wheat, superfine; $5 for City Mills do; $4,62½@4,75 for spring wheat extra; $4,87½@5 for do, extra family; $5,25 for Pennsylvania extra; $5,50 for good do, extra family, and $5,62½@6,50 for Ohio family and fancy brands. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent within the above range of prices, which have ruled very irregular. Rye Flour comes in slowly, and readily commands $3,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce, with further sales of 4@500 bbls Pennsylvania at $2,62½, at which rate it is wanted; 1200 bbls Brandywine sold on terms kept private.

GRAIN—The demand for wheat, both for shipment and milling, is only moderate; but holders, owing to the want of supplies, have realized an advance of 5@7c ₱ bushel. Sales comprise about 40,000 bushels in lots at 117@125c for fair to prime Pennsylvania reds in store and afloat; the sales were at 122c; 128@130c, was paid for southern do, and 127@128c for fair to good and choice white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is also better, and Pennsylvania has been taken freely on arrival at 66@67c. Corn is unchanged, and about 30,000 bushels sold at 53c for prime southern yellow afloat; 47@50c for inferior; 52@52½c for Pennsylvania in store, and 60c for white, the latter afloat. Oats continue firm, with further sales of about 28,000 bushels at 40c for Pennsylvania, mostly measure, and 39@40c for southern, the latter for extra quality. Barley and Malt are quiet. A sale of the latter was made at 105c.

PROVISIONS—There is very little demand for Barrelled Meats, and prices are unsettled and drooping; 700 bbls Western Mess Pork sold at $12@11¾, and in small lots at $12,25 ₱ bbl. Beef ranges at $12@15 ₱ bbl for Western and city packed Mess, and the sales limited; 200 bbls Beef Hams brought $17 ₱ bbl. In Bacon we note more activity in Hams, with sales of plain and fancy cured at 6@8½c, the latter is an advance, and Shoulders at 4@4½c, mostly at the former figures, which is a decline; Sides are held at 6@6½c. Green Meats are quiet, and in the absence of sales prices of most kinds are nearly nominal. We quote Hams in salt and pickle at 5@6½c; Shoulders 3½c, and Sides at 5½@6c. Lard is rather more inquired for, and about 1200 pkgs sold, part at 8½@8¾c, cash, for prime Western tierce, and part private, including some country packed at 7¾@7¾c. Butter is better, and in steady demand at 10@14c, and Cheese firm at 7½@8½c ₱ lb. Eggs are better, and worth 12½@13c ₱ doz.

COTTON is scarce and firm, the high views of holders and the reduced state of the stock limiting operations to some 200 bales, taken in small lots, within the range of 28@33c for ordinary to good middling quality, including repacked at 15c, all cash.

ASHES—Both kinds are steady, and the sales limited at quotations.

BARK comes in slowly, and meets with a fair demand at previous prices. About 100 hhds Quercitron have been disposed of in lots, on arrival, at $33,50 for 1st No 1, and $30 for No 2. A sale of a favorite brand was made at $35 per ton. Of Tanners' Bark sales are reported at $11@12 for Chestnut and $13@14 for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is scarce, and good yellow is worth 33c ₱ lb.

COAL.—The damage done by the late freshet has completely unsettled the market for this staple, and sales have been made at 75@150c ₱ ton advance; the receipts both by railroad and canal being almost suspended, and from the Lehigh region there will be very little coming forward for some time to come. From the Schuylkill region, however, we learn that the railroad is now in order, and that the canal will be ready for business about the 23d inst.

COFFEE.—There have been no recent arrivals, and the market is quiet at previous quoted rates, the inquiry from the trade being of a very limited character, and the sales only reach about 800 bags, taken in small lots, at 19@21c for Rio, and 21c for Laguayra, on time.

COPPER continues steady but dull. Of Yellow Metal further sales are reported at 22c, and Nails at 24c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS—The demand is limited as usual at this season, and the stock light; good Western are quoted at 40@42c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Nothing doing in Dried Fruit to alter quotations.

HAY is dull, good Timothy selling as wanted at 60@70c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is no alteration in the market for either foreign or domestic, and very little stock in first hands.

HOPS are firm, and a fair business doing in Eastern and Western at 15@18c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is better, holders generally are asking $1 advance, and 1000 tons white Iron sold at $20, cash, the late freshet having suspended the operations of many of the furnaces in the Lehigh region; some of the makers are not disposed to sell to any extent at the advance. For Manufactured Iron the demand continues good, and prices are fully maintained.

LEAD is scarce and firm at the late advance, and the manufacturers are supplying themselves in other markets.

LUMBER—Business is fair, and without any change to note. White Pine Boards sell at $14@16; Yellow Sap do $12@14, and Laths at $1,30 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is inactive, and prices rather weak; about 1000 hhds have been disposed of, including a cargo of Trinidad, at 28½c; 300 hhds Muscovado at 28c, and a cargo of Cardenas do at 26c, all on the usual credit.

PLASTER is dull, with further sales to note at $2,25@2,50 ₱ ton, the latter for Soft.

RICE—The sales are confined to East India, taken in small lots at 5¼@5¾c, as to quality.

SEEDS—The market as usual at this season, is pretty much at a stand still, and we hear of very little doing in Clover or Timothy to establish quotations. Flaxseed is scarce, and the crushers are paying $2,05@2,10 ₱ bush for domestic.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy or Gin, but holders are firm in their demands. N. E. Rum is steady at 30@37c. Whiskey is unchanged and firm at the close, with further sales of Pennsylvania and Ohio bbls at 24@25c, and drudge at 22@22½c.

SUGARS—The market has been very quiet this week, and prices about the same; sales include only about 200 hhds Cuba, in small lots, at 7@7¾c for fair to good grocery quality, on time.

TALLOW is quiet, but some further sales of city rendered are reported at 8½c ₱ lb; country is worth 8½c.

TOBACCO—The stock of Leaf and Manufactured is very much reduced, and holders are firm in their views; the sales, however, are very small.

WOOL—The market for this staple is almost at a stand still, the difference in the views of buyers and sellers limiting operations to a few small lots new clip, taken on arrival, at about 45c ₱ lb, net.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1515 head. The prices realized were from 8 to 9 cents ₱ lb. 40 Cows brought from $30 to 45 ₱ head. 7500 Sheep were sold at from $3,50 to 3,75 ₱ cwt. gross. 450 Hogs brought from $4,00 to 5 ₱ cwt. net.

TROUT FACTORY.—A trout factory is in full operation at Glastonbury, Connecticut, under the management of Messrs. Dunham, Kellogg & Ives, of Hartford, where trout are hatched by artificial means. The number now in the pond is between 40 000 and 50,000, and rapidity increasing. When the stock reaches half a million, they estimate a yield of 50,000 pounds per annum. As they will bring in market from 35 to 60 cents per pound, this amount would afford a very pleasant net income. The fishes are fed regularly, and have a man in constant attendance. Their food consists of small fishes and shad spawn in season. Millions of suckers are raised to feed the hungry beauties of the pond.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriages notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday, the 5th instant, by the Rev. T. Keiran, ALEXANDER B. THOMPSON, Esq. to Miss ELIZA S., 3d daughter of John A. Dougherty, both of this city. New Jersey and Delaware papers please copy.

On Wednesday, the 11th instant, by the Rev. Leighton Coleman, Hon. E. A. TURPIN, late U. S. Minister to Venezuela, to SALLIE K. daughter of Newberry A. Smith.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. A. W. Milby, Mr. JOHN J. NESTER, to Miss LOUISA CAVE, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, JOHN KRIDER, Jr. to ANNA L. HAMM, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM W. CHAMBERS, to Miss VIRGINIA S. FENTON, both of Camden.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Johns, Mr. JAMES BOLTON, to Miss ELLEN MUIR, both of Frankford.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Saturday, the 14th instant, HELLEN R. BLAKEMORE, aged 19 years, wife of Isaac P. Blakemore, of Camden, N. J., and grand daughter of Edmund Freeborn, of Portsmouth, R. I. Newport, R. I. papers please copy.

On the 10th instant, ANNA, eldest daughter of T. S. and Eliza Arthur, in her 22d year.

On the 1st instant, of wounds received at the battle of Fair Oaks, near Richmond, ROBERT S. CARSTAIRS, of Co. I, 61st Pa. regiment, youngest son of Jas. Carstairs, of this city, in his 20th year.

On Tuesday, June 10th, at his residence, near Bristol, Pa., HEZEKIAH KING, aged 63 years.

On Tuesday, June 3d, near White House, Va. of a mortal wound received Sunday, June 1st, at the battle of Fair Oaks, Lieut. HORACE M. LEE, of Co. F. 81st Pa. Volunteers, in his 24th year.

On the 9th instant, ANNIE T. MACNEILL, eldest daughter of Malcolm Macneill.

Was killed near Richmond, on Sunday, 8th instant, MARINE C. MOORE, 1st Lieut. Co. H. of the California regiment (71st infantry, P. V.)

On the 9th instant, BENJAMIN H. RAND, aged 70 years.

On the 10th instant, REBECCA ILLIOT, daughter of James M. and Hannah Patterson, aged 31 years.

On the 9th instant, ANN F. THORN, in her 86th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 14, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	3 to 50 dis.
Canada	¼ par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	¼ dis.	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	¼ dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	¼ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	3 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	2 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	15 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 60 dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	¼ to ½ dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	4 to 40 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 65 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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Wit and Humor.

ETHAN SPIKE ON THE MERRIMAC.

HORNBY, June 28th, 1862.

Wot is it abeout that ere buttin consarn—the Merrymuck? Some say she's no longer *non-est*—hes bust her biler or kerlapsed her ingine, an hes gone daown to the subterranean depths of the hevin billows—wich is likewise tempestoous raound abeout. Others—that she's with Gineral Fremaunt at Mernassus or Pike's Peak; but up here we moust ginerally think she's run the blockhed—through the gut of Kansas—an is naow on a rampage daown East.

Knowin the importance of Hornby to the Union, its people naterally feel anxious that it should be properly defended; not that they koer a cuss abeout theirselves—but ollers actoocated by that sublime patriotism which—wich is kalkerlated to do the greatest good to them as practises it.

An knowin the inemy would strike at Hornby first, I was sent to Orgusty as a committee of the hull on coastwise defences or offences if we needed em.

I faound the Guverner to hum—an a mighty perlite, peirt little body he is, too.

"Haow *dew* you *dew?*" says the Guverner, says he. "Mr. Spike," says he, "Ise heern tell of you—but never before did my mortial wisuals rest on your improvin countinenta.—Its good for soar eyes, polly-femus in the nose and gitter in the hed, to look at yer," says he.

I told him that I'd ollers bin accaounted good for them deceases, likewise pretty sartin n the mumps, and death on fitz an rebellious fevers. An then says I, "Guverner—how dew *you* dew?"

"Pretty well, I thank you," says he, "exceptin a bad cold, wich hes settled on the borax, but of the braown creeter or convalescence don't set in, I don't keer. Otherways, I'm so's to be crawlin."

Then we didn't boath of us say nothin more for some time. The Guverner picked his teeth, an I got aout my knife an undertuk to whittle the cheer, but the fust lick I broke the blade agin a nail.

I fairly squalled—I was so mad.

"Blast your od rotted nails to eternal blastnation!" says I.

The Guverner laughed.

"Hev to put nails in all the tables an cheers," says he, "elsewise, I should hev to get a new set every month. Two sets—at least would be whittled up every time the gineral court sot.

I was riled, an well I mought—'twas a ripper, that blade—arter honin it on a brick, I could split a hair—crossways—without bearin on much. For a minit I looked starn—but when I reflected that I could charge it to the taown in my bill of expenses, I mollyfied—I aout laughed the Guverner.

"No consequence," says I, "the old knife want wuth a speckled cuss—Ise glad you hed nails in the cheer," says I.

An then we shook hands agin.

Arter another long paws of interegnum.—The Guvener looked at me kinder sly, an says he—

"Mr. Spike, you wanted to see me for suthin?"

"Haow do you know that?" says I.

"Come, come," says he, slappin me on the shoulder an laughin; "Ise heern of you, you cuss, a perfect daown East metter Nick an tallerrand," says he, "but aout with it, old boy."

"Wal," said I, "air you aweer of the importance of Hornby to the perpetooation of the palaydiums of the Union?"

"Mr. Spike, I are."

"Wal, then, here's a nutshell—Portland, Saouth Barwick Junction, Kennebunk, Baldwin and Blackstrop hev all bin forty fied.—We air modest, we don't expect to go as high forty, or even thirty, but we do think we orter be fied some, ef 'taein't more'n fifteen. Give us a few Bombastic flotillers, a dozen or tew each Combombords, Dan'l Greon Parrotts an Winfield rifles, a lot of procrastination caps, a basket full of comical shells, with steel pints, a few rewolvin turrens to fix onto canawl boats, several or more ef you have em to spare, iron clad monsters, ten barrils Medford rum, one ditto flaour, abeout 4000,-00000—"

"There, there, hold on, Mr. Spike," interrupted the Guverner. "You hev named armaments enough for the rock of Jibbernaenosy. What on airth do you want it for?"

"*Isril Washbun*," says I, "*the Merrymuck is abroad!*" says I.

"Po," says he, "that critter was blowed up three weeks ago."

Says I—

"Isril, it hain't so, it's a federal lie, that briny behemouth of the deep is naow on sour coast."

"Wal, sposin she is—haow is she going to get to Hornby?"

"By the canawls," says I.

"But haow kin she get through the locks?"

"Isril," says I, "*she'll pick em!*"

"God bless my soul!" says he, "I never thought of that. I'll call a caouncil meetin to-night."—*Vanity Fair.*

SCENE AT THE PARK BARRACKS.—DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—*A sick and wounded but good-looking soldier, and an anxious lady nurse in search of a subject:*

Lady Nurse—My poor fellow can I do anything for you?

Soldier—(emphatically)—*No Ma'am!* Nothin'!

Lady Nurse—I should like to do *something* for you. Shall I not sponge your face and brow for you?

Soldier—(despondingly)—You may if you want to very bad; but you'll be the fourteenth lady as has done it this blessed mornin'.—*N. Y. Paper.*

A USEFUL CONTRABAND.—A lady in Washington, desiring to procure a "help," made application at the headquarters of the "contrabands," on Capitol Hill, when the following colloquy ensued between herself and a female contraband who had escaped from "service" in Virginia:

Lady—Well, Dlunh, you say you want a place. What can you do? Can you cook?

Contraband—No, m'm; mammy, *she* allays cooked.

Lady—Are you a good chambermaid?

Contraband—Sister Sally, *she* allays did the chambers.

Lady—Can you wait in the dining-room and attend the door?

Contraband—La, no, m'm; Jim, that was *his* work.

Lady—Can you wash and iron?

Contraband—Well, you see, m'm Aunt Becky, *she* allays washed.

Lady—Can you sew?

Contraband—Charity, *she* allays sewed.

Lady—Then what in the world did *you* do?

Contraband—Why *I* allays kep' *the flies off missis!*

A REGULAR HUMBUG.—A couple of raw 'uns from the country were out one evening seeing the lions of New York city, when they came across one of the theatres.

"I say, Jake," said the eldest, who gloried in the appellation of Jonathan, "I've heard tell of these theatres, and root or die, I'm bound to see one of 'em."

But Jake didn't seem disposed to go in, and an agreement was made that he should sit upon a fire-plug and smoke a cigar, while Jonathan took a peep at the elephant. He accordingly bought a ticket, went in, and in about fifteen minutes returned with a woful long visage.

"What is it like?" inquired Jake.

"A regular suck in," said Jonathan. "They've got a great big pictur stuck up agin the wall, and a lot of fellers fiddling before it, and I'll be dod darned if that isn't all the show!"

HOW SOME PEOPLE GET SUCH GOOD RECOMMENDATIONS.—A stranger came to the parish of X——, bringing an immensely strong certificate from the parish of Y——, in which he had been teaching. On the strength of this certificate, the people of X—— employed him in their vacant school. The teacher began his work speedily, and proved worth nothing—lazy, stupid and useless. One of the people of X—— met a resident of Y——, and inquired, with some indignation, what on earth the people of Y—— meant in giving such a flaming certificate to an utterly incapable teacher. The reply was: "We gave that certificate to get him off our hands; and let me tell you, you people of X—— will have to give him a far higher character before you will get rid of him."

DECIDEDLY COOL.—An Arkansas volunteer in the Mexican war, riding on horseback, came across an Illinoisian who was shot in the leg. The Illinoisian told him where he was wounded, and asked to be taken up and conveyed out of danger. "Arkansas" placed him on behind his saddle, and fastened him to himself with a leather strap. While they were hastening from danger, a grape shot took "Illinois" head off, but "Arkansas" thought he had only fainted from fatigue and pain. When a safe place was arrived at, the horseman released his charge, and seeing his head was gone, exclaimed, "Well, these Illinosians are the greatest liars. Here's a rascal with his head cut off, when he told me he was only shot in the leg. You can't believe a word these fellows say!"

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

William Sanderson was a captain in the Revolutionary War, under Gen. Washington. They were standing together one day engaged in conversation, when afterwards famous Gen. Anthony Wayne rode up and joined them; and Gen. Washington said—

"Gen. Wayne, how many men will it take to storm Stony Point?"

Wayne's reply was—"By God, sir, I can storm it with one regiment."

Gen. Washington seemed both shocked and grieved, and, without uttering a word, but with a stern and solemn countenance, turned his back upon Wayne and stood silent for a few seconds; after which he turned to Wayne, and said—

"Don't say 'By God,' General, but '*With the help of God.*'"

That old captain, William Sanderson, had three sons in the war of 1812-15, only one of whom survived him. That son has often heard his father tell the anecdote of Washington and Wayne.

A NEW ANSWER TO THE OLD QUESTION.—A little girl was overheard in Fulteneytown the other day putting her younger sister through her catechism. She commenced, as usual, by asking, "Who made you?" to which the proper reply was given, and then came the further query, "What are you made of?" to which the answer was prompt, but not so explicit as was thought desirable. The little questioner propounded an impromptu query, "What kind of dust?" evidently with the view of eliciting the answer, "Dust of the ground." However, there were more things in the philosophy of the little catechumen than the elder had ever dreamed of, for, after a thoughtful pause, she replied, happily, "Meal-dust!" Being next pressed to say where she had picked up that idea, she naively replied, "Haven't I seen my mother making the parritch (porridge)?" Older heads do not always reason so correctly from the obvious premises as did this little philosopher.—*John O'Groat Journal.*

☞ One of our soldiers who was in the Pittsburg Landing battle, happened to be inordinately fond of card-playing. During the fight he had three of his fingers shot off.—Holding up his mangled member, he gazed at it with a look of ineffable sorrow, and exclaimed, as a big tear stole into the corner of his eye—"I shall never be able to hold *a full hand* again!" Poor fellow!

THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

MR. BRISTLES.—"Then you really think it an improvement, eh?"

MISS SHARP.—"Decidedly—it hides so much of your face."

☞ Somebody wrote to the editor of the Bucyrus Journal a letter of inquiry as to billiards, to whom the editor replied as follows: "Yes, sir, we can tell you all about billiards. It is a game consisting of two men in their shirt sleeves, punching balls about on a table and presenting the keeper of the table with fifteen cents—or as is most commonly the case in this country, telling him to mark it down. This last mentioned custom has given them the title of billiard-markers. If you have a decided genius for the game, you will make a superior player at the expense of about $100. Blacksmiths, carpenters, etc., play it for exercise. It was invented by a shrewd saloon keeper, who was not satisfied with the profit on whiskey, and was too much opposed to temperance to water it."

Agricultural.

CROWS.

Laying aside all other charges, there is one way in which I consider that crows do the farmer more injury than all the good they can possibly do in every way. That is, in their destroying the young of other birds. It is well known that the young of domestic fowls are taken whenever they come in their way; then just consider how many of the young of harmless and useful little birds must fall a prey to their rapacity, when there is hardly a nook or corner, a tree or bush, but what they scour in search of plunder.

Birds that beat the crow, will not allow one to come near their nests. A pair of king-birds have built their nest on an apple tree near the house for a number of years, and there are always two or three nests of other birds on the same tree, though there are other trees near by, that they might just as well build on. Is it not for greater safety that they build there? If a crow comes within an eighth of a mile of this tree, you hear the warning note of the king-bird, who immediately gives chase and drives him off.

In destroying insects on a farm, I think that turkeys might be kept to much better advantage than crows. I had rather raise a dozen turkeys on my place than a dozen crows; and how different the footing-up sounds, in the fall, of the two investments; in the one case the music has been all addressed to the ear, and pitched to the tune of innumerable "caw, caw, caws!" in the other, the pocket is replenished with the musical jingle of ten or twelve dollars, and a Thanksgiving feast into the bargain.

The flock of crows that return to this part of the state, annually, in the spring, has been slowly decreasing for several years; I should think that last year they might have numbered twelve or fifteen hundred; the use of strychnine, no doubt, accounts for this decrease in a great measure. I should rejoice to spare ninety-nine one-hundredths of the remainder. Can any man benefit the public more by the use of twenty-five cents than by purchasing that worth of strychnine?—*Cor. N. E. Farmer.*

FRUIT HINTS.

I have met with decided success in using tobacco stems as a preventive for the peach borer. Frequent examinations since early last spring have revealed but one borer. I renew the supply of stems as often as I deem advisable, and find no injury to the roots from them. I have also acted on Miss Morril's hint relative to the application of saltpetre, alum, or salt, as special manures for the peach, and with promising results. I sprinkle them on the soil to within about a foot of the trunk of the tree.

My trees, which were inclined to be sickly and of puny growth, are now in splendid condition, and this season made very strong, healthy growth, and from summer pruning are sending out strong, thick branches, some sweeping nearly to the ground, offering complete protection to the trunk from the scorching sun.

Last season, I used Gisburst's compound for slugs on my pear and cherry trees. This season I have used nothing but whale oil soap, which I find quite as effectual and more beneficial to my trees, as it gives a healthy, bright color to the bark, and keeps the leaves fresh-looking and free from spots. I apply it once a week or fortnight, as they may require, and the expense is but little more than that of common soap, costing here five to six and a quarter cents a pound. Instead of a syringe, I use a "hydropult," which has great forcing power, and its flexible tube renders it far superior to the syringe in application to the underside of foliage.—H. C. VAN TYNE, *in Horticulturist.*

THE BEST TIME TO PRUNE.

An old clergyman is quoted as defining this time to be "when your knife is sharp." He was certainly half right, for a smooth clean cut is very essential to the healing of the wound. But there is very great difference in the healing of wounds on account of the season in which they are made. Pruning done in March and April, especially if large limbs are removed, often injures an orchard for life. The sap oozes from all the pores and runs down upon the bark, discoloring and oftentimes destroying it—called scalding. Without other protection, decay begins, and in a few years you have a hollow limb.

We like the month of June for pruning better than all others. If the work is done soon after the new wood begins to form, the wounds made by the removal of small limbs will be nearly covered over the same season they are made. The leaves make such a demand upon the wood for sap that none of it escapes from the wounded pores. It is also a favorable time for thumb pruning. By watching the growth of the shoots upon young trees they may be brought into symmetrical shape without much use of the knife.—*American Agriculturist.*

USEFULNESS OF TOADS IN GARDENS.—At a recent meeting of the Brooklyn Horticultural Society, the subject of toads in gardens was under discussion, when Mr. Burgess, an "old country gardener of long experience," stated "that thirty years' observation had convinced him that it was the snail, and not the toad, which devoured strawberries and their vines. Most people attributed the destruction to toads, but he was certain that they were harmless. In gardens he considered them of great use, and all gardeners should look upon them as their best friends. Mr. Fuller endorsed all that had been said upon the subject, and he was glad to hear it. He believed the toad a most valuable auxiliary to the gardener. They were worth $500 a piece, as they keep the ground clear of insects entirely. Besides they can be domesticated? This was not generally known; nevertheless it was true. Those in his garden knew him, and would follow in order to get the insects, caterpillars, etc. Their preservation ought to be attended to. Mr. Burgess was of the opinion that there should be a fine for killing them."—*Country Gentleman.*

LICE ON CATTLE.—A safe, sure, simple, and economical way of killing lice on cattle is to take the water in which potatoes have been boiled, rub throroughly the cattle which are afflicted in this way once a week, for two or three weeks, or until the nits are all hatched out, and the stock of lice will be among the things that were. The remedy is so simple that some will not believe until they have tried it. It is, nevertheless, a sure cure, if faithfully and thoroughly applied.

Another remedy is in an ounce of preventive,—good feed, good water, good clean sheds and stables, and lice will not colonize in the vicinity.

QUANTITY OF FOOD FOR OXEN.—Frequent observations have shown that an ox will consume two per cent. of his weight of hay per day to maintain his condition. If put to moderate labor, an increase of this quantity to three per cent. will enable him to perform his work, and still maintain his flesh. If he is to be fatted, he requires about four and a half per cent. of his weight daily in nutritious food.—*Michigan Farmer.*

WOUNDS ON HORSES.—The receipt for wounds on horses, such as collar and saddle-galls, &c., is furnished to the American Stock Journal by Dr. Dadd, the well-known veterinary surgeon:—Pulverized aloes, 8 ounces; pulverized myrrh, 4 ounces; pulverized catechu, 4 ounces; pulverized benzoin, 4 ounces; new rum, 1 gallon. Let the mixture stand for two or three weeks, frequently shaking, and filter through fine linen.

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO TAN SKINS.—1. Take two parts of saltpetre and one of alum; pulverize finely, mix them and sprinkle evenly over the flesh side of the skin; then roll the skin tightly together, and let it remain a few days, according to the weather, then scrape the skin till it is soft and pliable. I have tanned skins in this way so that they would be as soft and white as buckskins.

2. "A reader" wishes to know the mode of tanning coon and fox skins with the fur on. I will give him my mode of operation. If the skin is green from the body, scrape all the flesh from it, then pulverize equal parts of saltpetre and alum and cover the flesh part of the skin with it; put the flesh in such a manner as to hold the brine when dissolved, then lay it away in a cool place—say the cellar—and let it lay four or six day; then cover the flesh part with soft soap and wash off clean with water. Dry in the shade, roll and pull occasionally while drying; then roll and pull until soft and pliable.—*N. E. Farmer.*

MILDEW ON ROSES.—It is said by those who have been troubled with mildew on their roses, that if they are well syringed with lager beer, it is a certain remedy for it. One of the finest collections in the country was saved by two applications of it after other means failed.—*Country Gentleman.*

CURRANT JELLY.—6 quarts ripe currants mashed in both hands, till nearly all are broken; squeeze out the stems and remove them. Put the pulp in a strong bag and squeeze very tightly, and there will be nearly 3 pints juice. Put 3 lbs. white sugar to this, and boil ½ hour.

DRYING RHUBARB.—I saw a recommendation in a paper two years ago, in regard to drying rhubarb by stringing it raw, and hanging it up to dry, like apples. I dried some by following these directions to the letter, and it not only *looked* like a stick, as it was said it would, but it had as little taste. I see some writers still give the same recipe; but I have tried a far better one, which does preserve the flavor. Cut up the rhubarb and put it in the oven on plates or pans, and let it bake; a few minutes will be sufficient if the oven is hot; then set it out in the sun and let it dry. It should bake until it is so soft that if pinched it will mash. When used, it takes considerable soaking and cooking, but then all dry fruit needs more cooking than green.—*Boston Cultivator.*

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.—To two pounds of fine large strawberries, add two pounds of powdered sugar, and put them in a preserving kettle, over a slow fire, till the sugar is melted; then boil them precisely twenty minutes, as fast as possible; have ready a number of *small* jars, and put the fruit in boiling hot. Cork and seal the jars immediately, and keep them through the summer in a cold, dry cellar. The jars must be heated before the hot fruit is poured in, otherwise they will break.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES OR RASPBERRIES, FOR CREAMS OR ICES, WITHOUT BOILING.—Let the fruit be gathered in the middle of a warm day, in very dry weather; strip it from the stalks directly, weigh it, turn it into a bowl or deep pan, and bruise it gently; mix with an equal weight of fine dry sifted sugar, and put it immediately into small wide-necked bottles; cork these firmly without delay, and tie bladders over the tops. Keep them in a cool place, or the fruit will ferment. The mixture should be stirred softly, and only just sufficiently to blend the sugar and the fruit. The bottles must be perfectly dry, and the bladders, after having been cleaned in the usual way, and allowed to become nearly so, should be moistened with a little spirit on the side which is to be next the cork.

STRAWBERRIES STEWED FOR TARTS.—Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a teacup of water; add a little white of egg; let it boil, and skim it until only a foam rises; then put in a quart of berries free from stems and hulls; let them boil till they look clear and the syrup is quite thick. Finish with fine puff paste.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES IN WINE.—Put a quantity of the finest large strawberries into a gooseberry-bottle, and strew over them three large spoonsful of fine sugar; fill up with Madeira wine or sherry.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Express the juice from the fruit through a cloth, strain it clear, weigh and stir to it an equal proportion of the finest sugar dried and reduced to powder; when this is dissolved, place the preserving-pan over a very clear fire, and stir the jelly often until it boils; clear it carefully from scum, and boil it quickly from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. This receipt is for a moderate quantity of the preserve; a very small portion will require much less time.

RHUBARB WINE, No. 1.—Chop the rhubarb plant, drain off the juice, and add to every quart, one quart of water and two of sugar. Let it ferment, and bottle when clear.

RHUBARB WINE, No. 2.—Chop the stalks of fifty pounds of rhubarb, allow thirty pounds of sugar, press the juice, add the sugar and sufficient water to make nine gallons of wine; put it in a cask, cover with cloth until fermentation ceases, plug the barrel for three months, and then draw off the wine and bottle it. If not convenient to bottle, draw it off in a clean cask that it will fill entirely full. Wine barrels ought always to be filled full after the fermentation is over.

☞ The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 100 letters.

My 1, 42, 49, 61, 68, 71, 89, is a town in Ireland.
My 2, 11, 27, 61, 69, is a county in Indiana.
My 3, 13, 7, 58, is a river in Scotland.
My 4, 16, 36, 55, 86, 81, is an island on the coast of the Chinese empire.
My 5, 18, 30, 35, is a town in Russia.
My 6, 19, 52, is a sea of Africa.
My 7, 80, 14, 70, 76, 35, 69, is a county in Kentucky.
My 8, 21, 37, 12, 9, 53, is a mountain in Brazil.
My 9, 68, 86, 93, 47, 64, is a bay on the eastern coast of South America.
My 10, 19, 60, 48, 53, 69, 100, 96, 69, is a town in England.
My 11, 35, 68, 39, 99, is a county in Texas.
My 12, 93, 61, 70, 77, 95, is a river in England.
My 13, 35, 16, 55, 53, is an island in the Baltic sea.
My 14, 41, 84, 53, 90, 37, is a division of Europe.
My 15, 20, 50, 56, 5, 72, is a town in Russia.
My 16, 30, 46, 48, 86, is a river in Ireland.
My 17, 85, 69, 88, 92, is a firth on the coast of Scotland.
My 18, 46, 40, 78, 84, is a county in Tennessee.
My 19, 35, 9, 90, is a river in Austria.
My 20, 36, 54, 93, is a river in England.
My 21, 24, 49, 10, 64, 55, is a town in France.
My 22, 86, 60, 38, 52, is a county in Illinois.
My 28, 37, 65, 58, 33, is a county in New York.
My 24, 67, 70, 73, is a river in England.
My 25, 39, 53, 10, 37, 74, 85, is a county in Michigan.
My 26, 83, 41, 43, 55, is a county in Georgia.
My 27, 40, 39, 61, 78, is a town in Scotland.
My 28, 83, 86, 94, 85, is a river in Michigan.
My 29, 67, 75, 78, 40, 23, is a county in Florida.
My 30, 50, 74, 19, is a lake in Ireland.
My 31, 86, 94, 37, 35, is a town in Brazil.
My 33, 32, 41, 56, 64, 27, is a county in Mississippi.
My 33, 11, 26, 81, 52, is a river in France.
My 34, 19, 24, 49, is a river in Africa.
My 35, 90, 64, 55, is a town in Spain.
My 45, 79, 47, 37, 63, 49, is a town in Brazil.
My 59, 10, 37, 75, 9, 24, 23, is a lake in British America.
My 66, 30, 6, 15, 52, 69, is a county in Illinois.
My 91, 59, 10, 68, 37, 9, 24, 13, is a town in Brazil.
My 97, 36, 82, 30, 29, 11, 81, 85, 92, 74, 44, 18, is a county in Arkansas.
My 98, 13, 67, 82, 76, 38, is a town in Austria.
My 99, 49, 10, 35, is a river in England.
My 65, 49, 35, 91, 46, 81, is a county in Arkansas.
My whole is an event in American history.

JOHN ROANE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first the sun ne'er shone upon,
Though oft it's found on earth;
The moon and stars have brightly shone
Around it in its birth.

My next a prepositon is;
At it, the trav'ler weary,
Who finds it at the evening's close,
Is sure awhile to tarry.

My third has never yet been seen
By any mortal eye;
And still around the world it's been,
And is often passing by.

My whole's a bird of foreign land
That sings a sweeter song
Than any feathered, choral band,
The warbling tribe among.

Villa, Randolph Co., Ind. E. A. C.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a county in Indiana.
Is a town in Oregon.
Is a country in Europe.
Is a county in Kentucky.
Is a town in South America.
Is a town in Russia.
Is a town in Ohio.
Is a town in Maine.
Is a country in South America.

The initials form a fort in the Southern states, and the finals where situated.

EDWARD NEWTON.

RIDDLE.

A word used by those discontented, more's the pity;
Transpose it, and then 'twill become a great "city."

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have an equilateral triangular field, each side of which is 80 rods long. It requires 4,320 rails to fence it. I wish to enlarge this field, so that it may contain three times as many acres as it now does, and still retain the same triangular shape.

How many rails must I have to make a fence around it when enlarged, as good as the first, and how many acres will there be in the field thus enlarged? REUBEN MARTIN.

Gallia Co., Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If 32 oxen and 28 cows eat 24 acres of grass in 18 weeks, and 20 oxen and 38 cows eat 30 acres of grass in 27 weeks, and 41 oxen and 26 cows eat 50 acres of grass in 60 weeks, how long will 40 acres of the same grass last 35 oxen and 14 cows, the grass in every instance growing uniformly? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a clock guilty of a misdemeanor? Ans.—When it strikes one.

☞ What bird would make a peddler? Ans.—A hawk.

☞ What needy poet belonged to one of the richest corporations in England? Ans.—Goldsmith.

☞ What question is asked when an admiral is named? Ans.—How? (Howe.)

☞ Which is the month in which ladies talk least? Ans.—February.

☞ What class of birds are regular cheats? Ans.—Gulls.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Mausoleum erected by Artemisia. CHARADE.—Bed time. CHARADE.—Cut-lass.